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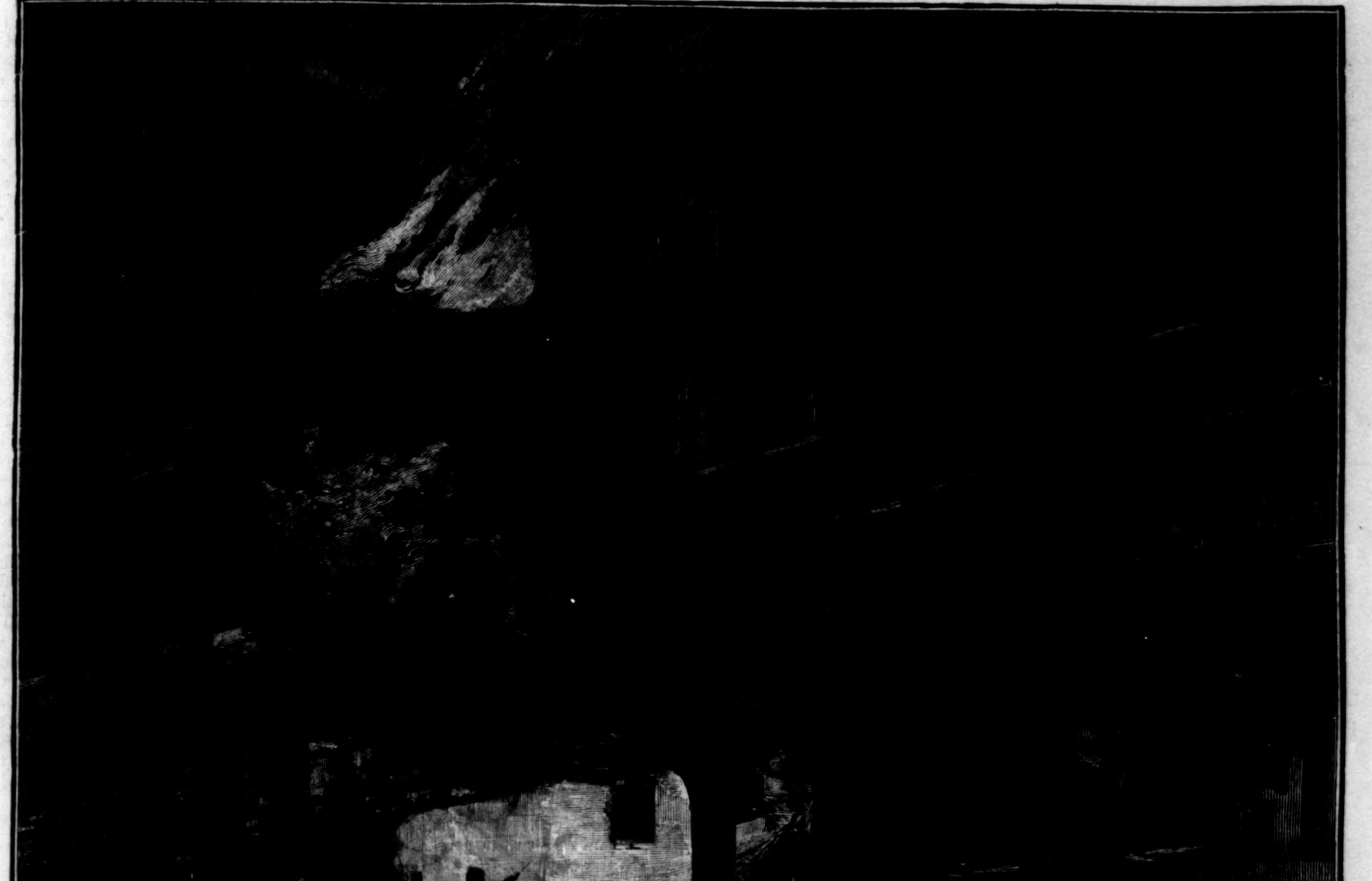

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK AFTER A SNOW-STORM.—Drawn by George Inness, Jun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 12, 1884.

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CARLISLE, BLAND, AND BUCKNER.

It is obvious that the election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker was a very great surprise to the country, and that it has disturbed if not alarmed business circles. It is a current remark that everything will be inactive until it is seen what course will be taken with the finances and the tariff, for the appointment of Mr. Bland as chairman of the Committee on Coinage and of Mr. Buckner to the head of the Committee on Banking and Currency are very significant and justly surprising incidents. The Democratic consciousness of the critical situation for the party is shown by the incessant apologies, explanations, and deprecations which have followed the election of Speaker. They all show what we have already said, and what should seem to be evident enough, that a party can not be adjusted to a real issue, but must be made by it. It is very certain that if the Democratic party should discard the principle of protection, Mr. Randall must cease to be a Democrat, and that if it adopts it, the only question between the parties as at present constituted is not one of principle, but of the application of the same principle. The country will certainly not support the Democratic party upon an issue of differently adjusted protection, or because some energetic Democrats declare that it is not a free-trade party, but a party bent only upon the proper degree of protection.

The incessant assertion that old issues are settled, that the war is ended, that there is no sectional or Southern question, that the only living questions are those of economy, of finance, of taxation, may be acknowledged to be true. But it does not follow that the parties are therefore organized upon the new questions. On the contrary, it may be assumed very confidently that they are not. There are two vital considerations in the situation which many of the most vehement and dogmatic speculators overlook: one is the profound distrust of the Democratic party, and the other is the division of sentiment in both parties upon the new questions. The reasons of the distrust are familiar. But among the more recent reasons is the Democratic sympathy with false and dangerous financial theories. The financial perils since the war have been possible national dishonor in some form of repudiation, all the varieties of the greenback and silver "craze," and hostility to the national bank system. The chief support of all these vagaries has been Democratic, and no sooner is Mr. Carlisle elected Speaker than he gives the chairmanship of the Banking Committee to the most notorious foe of the national banks, and of the Coinage Committee to the most conspicuous silver maniac in the country. And this performance is explained by saying that these gentlemen mean no mischief, and that in any case their appointment was a party necessity.

The latter is very probable. But the dullest Democrat would agree that this is hardly a course or a confession which tends to remove distrust of the Democratic party. The statement is that the election of Mr. Carlisle means a new Democratic departure. Mr. Carlisle's appointments indicate tariff changes in the sense of free trade, the destruction of the national banks, and the substitution for them of banking by the government, with increased if not illimitable silver coinage, when even now the Treasury is choked with silver dollars which nobody wants. This is the actual position, and it is not to be obscured by saying that the Democratic party has at last declared for the great principle of revenue reform in a non-protective sense. Have Mr. Randall and the Pennsylvania Democrats declared for it? Have Mr. Gibson and the Louisiana sugar-growing Democrats declared for it? Have the New York *Sun* and its adherents declared for it? And if they have—which does not yet appear—have they also declared war upon the national banking system, and do they demand unlimited silver? Do the Democrats who insist that Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy means incidental protection accept revenue reform in a free-trade sense as Democratic policy? Independent spectators friendly to tariff reform exhort the Democrats to hew to the line, as the little boy in the unpromising fight was strenuously urged to go in and win. But do these counsellors suppose that the party which has tried every trick to obtain power, even to the nomination for the Presidency of an antislavery protectionist, will deliberately sacrifice itself, and precipitate a new organization of parties, for "a great principle"? The present situation offers another proof added to those already accumulated of the apparent incompetency of the Democratic party to direct the government of this country.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

Governor Cleveland's Message to the Legislature of New York is a clear and comprehensive survey of the condition of the State, and contains various suggestions which deserve careful attention. The Governor's general statement of the achievements of the last few years is very gratifying to a just State pride, and the whole Message is stamped with the earnestness of a public officer mainly intent upon the public welfare, and not upon party advantage or personal ambition. The chief omission in the Message is that of the subject of municipal reform, except so far as it is treated in the approval of the reformed methods of administration introduced by Mayors Edson and Low. This omission, taken in concert with the rather impertinent allusion of the Lieutenant-Governor to charter reform in this city, seems to imply that a law looking to the correction of anomalies and abuses in the present city system might not find favor with the Executive. The Governor's candor and public spirit, however, would certainly secure deliberate consideration of any reasonable scheme of improvement.

The most important recommendation of the Message is that of a Superintendent of State Charities in place of the present Board of Charities, the Commissioner of Lunacy, and the local boards of trustees, and the Governor lays great stress upon the abuses which were recently exposed at the Western House of Refuge. But would the proposed change probably affect such incidents? If a State Board faithfully and efficiently doing its duty, and local boards of trustees, and a local Superintendent, may be deceived, is there any reason to suppose that a single Superintendent, charged with the care of all the institutions, would not be sometimes outwitted? Much undoubtedly may yet be done to improve the system of State care of such institutions. A Commission of Lunacy, for instance, charged with the separate and special care of the insane, is very desirable, and it would obviate any possible conflict of authority. Greater exactitude in accounts might be enforced. But, upon the whole, the State institutions of charity are doing so well and progressing so favorably under the present system that it would seem wiser to strengthen and modify that than to introduce an entirely new scheme. It is true that the prisons show a pecuniary balance in favor of the State—a fact which very properly may have impressed the Governor. But it is also true that such a fact does not prove the good condition of the prisons. On the contrary, there is very much room for improvement.

The Governor is averse to any considerable purchase of Adirondack lands in order to save the water supply, thinking that the object can be secured by stricter laws, rigorously enforced, protecting the State lands, by shortening the time between levying taxes and selling for non-payment, and the time allowed after sale for redemption. This is a very important subject, and it is not to be summarily disposed of. The general tone and spirit of the Message, without reference to specific suggestions, are admirable, and wholly becoming the Chief Magistrate of a great commonwealth.

PRISON LABOR.

The report of the Superintendent of Prisons in New York shows a clear balance to the credit of the State, and it is understood that he is not unfavorable to the contract system which enables him to make so good a showing, or that, at least, he would let well alone. This was apparently the general view of his predecessor, Mr. Pilsbury, although he agreed that the subject was "surrounded with difficulties." The "Labor Congress" in New Jersey has put forth a plan of convict labor. It proposes to abolish the contract labor system; to employ prisoners in the production of articles for State institutions, and to put those not needed for such work upon "piece price" labor; to employ no more than twenty convicts upon one branch; to limit the hours of work to eight, and to authorize a board to fix a price, so that State-prison goods should not undersell others. But the question must be determined by sundry other considerations than those of the competition of labor and of self-support, and this, it is to be hoped, will not be forgotten by the Legislature.

The penal system, like the postal system, is not primarily designed to be self-supporting, although that is a very desirable consideration, nor to be regulated by fears of competition. The mails carry letters and newspapers to points where the carriage is a pecuniary loss, because of the general public advantage derived from such facilities. It also carries parcels and packages at rates fixed by considerations of the public convenience, and not at all with reference to competition with private express companies. The principle is the public convenience and advantage, and if without sacrificing those objects the Post-office can be made to pay, as Postmaster-General James was very sure that with proper care it could be—which seems also to be the view of Postmaster-General Gresham—so much the better. But General Gresham very properly does not hesitate because of the possible immediate loss of revenue to recommend certain reductions of rate to promote the public convenience and consequent advantage. The principle of a wise penal system is the reformation of the convicts. It does not contemplate their seclusion for a certain time to meditate new crimes, and then expulsion to commit them. It is not merely punishment which it has in view, like shutting a refractory child in a dark closet, but fitting the prisoner to live decently among other men. Consequently the most capable authorities advocate discretionary sentences and penalties, and the ticket-of-leave system is founded upon the same general view. In such a penal system labor is imperative, for nothing is more harmful to a prisoner, and nothing more unjust to the honest tax-paying laborer outside of the prison, than to maintain convicts in idleness.

But if the convict must work, he should work in the way which will be most useful to himself, and therefore to the public, in securing the purpose of his imprisonment, which is reformation. He must work in a way to promote his self-respect. It is not enough that he should walk on a treadmill, but he should feel that he is of some use to himself and to others. For the same reason of promoting reformation there should be instruction in the prisons. At Auburn, we believe, there were formerly evening schools, which were abolished upon the ground that the teachers interfered with discipline. If this, however, was a valid reason, the contract system should have been abolished long ago. The admirable report of Professor Dwight and the late Dr. Wines as long ago as 1867 stated as the first great objection to the contract system the certain demoralization and consequent ruin of discipline which it produced. The point to be remembered is that any legislative changes which may be made in the prison system of labor should be based upon some sound principle. There must be productive convict labor, and such production will necessarily compete with other production. This can not be avoided, and the Legislature will remember that the abolition of the contract system was not sought at the late election by intelligent friends of the prisons, but by demagogues to pander to an ignorant feeling. The feeling invoked was that prisoners are merely reprobates to be severely punished, and that their productive labor is a wrong to honest men. But that kind of feeling would easily demand that convicts should be immured for their term, fed on bread and water, and then turned loose upon the community. It would enforce in prisons the system which has long been abandoned in insane asylums as inhumanly cruel and stupidly impolitic.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The article upon the government of the city of New York in another part of this paper is well worthy of the most serious attention. It is long, but it is very interesting, and it is the result of careful research and the collation of much evidence. It is a revelation of the utterly chaotic and irresponsible system of municipal government which the Lieutenant-Governor of the State thinks that it would be better not to touch, because constant changes in city charters are unwise. The article criticises a system rather than men, and admits that the officers are often well-meaning. But they are powerless in the grasp of the evil system.

The article, having shown the urgent necessity of change, does not hesitate to advocate it, and points out some of the details in which specific changes are desirable. It is unseemly in the Lieutenant-Governor to stigmatize the protests of the tax-payers of New York and their demand that such a system of government as is here described shall be reformed as "the usual annual clamor." The system was devised by the Tweed Ring to facilitate its robbery of the city treasury, and there will certainly be a clamor until it is changed.

The article will undoubtedly increase the clamor. Mayor Edson, the chief officer of the city, has frankly confessed his inability under the present system to do much more than contemplate his own powerlessness. His predecessor, Mayor Grace, has pointed out in detail the same chartered inability of the Mayor. They both agree in the general conclusion which the article reaches, that the first cardinal step of reform is the concentration of responsibility. That is a fundamental principle of efficient administration, and it should be the central object of changes in the municipal administrative system of the city.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

In his selection of examiners, Mayor Edson, of New York, like the Governor of the State and Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, has given evidence of his entire good faith in carrying out the rules which he has adopted for reform in the method of appointment to certain positions in the municipal service. The gentlemen designated to supervise the examinations for clerical positions, or places in Schedule B, of the scheme already published, are Messrs. Charles S. Fairchild, J. Seaver Page, and A. R. Macdonough. Mr. Macdonough and Mr. Fairchild are earnest friends of reform, and familiar with its details; Mr. Page, we understand, is also sincerely interested in the good work. Drs. Burchard and Manly, medical experts, are appointed to examine candidates for nurses, orderlies, and attendants in hospitals.

Thus, in a year from the passage of the bill, the reformed method is organized in the national service and in that of the State and city of New York, and public interest is so aroused and public intelligence upon the subject is so developed that any serious evasion or foul play in any branch of the service to which the reformed method has been applied will be detected and exposed.

It is certainly fortunate that the Chief Magistrate of the State of New York, and the Mayors of the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn, are honestly friendly to the reform. Like the President, each of them had the power of quietly baffling the reformed system under the pretense of enforcing it, and, like him, they have honestly sought to execute the law in its own spirit and for its own purpose.

THE LATE COLONEL KANE.

The late Colonel Thomas L. Kane, brother of the arctic explorer, was one of the most interesting and chivalric figures in his native State of Pennsylvania. Nowhere is social conservatism stronger than in that community, but Colonel Kane never bowed the knee to any form of Baal. When "the fashion" and the "good society" of Philadelphia were intensely pro-slavery, young Kane resigned his United States Commissionership rather than return to slavery men and women guilty of no crime but that of risking their lives to escape bondage.

When the Abolitionists were mobbed at the old Tabernacle in New York, Colonel Kane—a slight and fearless youth—made the notorious leader of the rioters quail. It was an instinctive manly honor, a natural love of honest liberty and fair play which, without pretense or flourish or ostentation of any kind, kept him always true to justice and humanity.

In the war, Mr. Kane was the Colonel of the famous Bucktail Regiment of Pennsylvanians, which he led with superb heroism, retiring at last with a wound that disabled him for life. He befriended the Indians, and went to Utah to effect an understanding between the Government and the Mormons. During later years he has lived much out of the city. There was a certain buoyancy of spirit and wayward vigor of nature in Colonel Kane, a delightful independence and freedom from conventional timidity, which recalled earlier and remoter figures of the heroic type. He was a most loyal and trusty friend, and neither lapse of time nor long silence touched his affectionate fidelity. To have known him once is to remember him always with admiration.

"THE BREAD-WINNERS."

No serial story recently published has excited more general attention than the *Bread-Winners*, which is just issued in a volume by the Harpers. The interest of the tale is attested by the general verdict of those who have read it as it appeared, and the literary skill of many parts of the work is undeniable. It is an interest of portraiture rather than of plot, and the story is social in the usual sense rather than in that which the title suggests. It is not a polemical novel, and does not deal primarily with the question of bread-winning, although the social relations of "labor and capital" are involved in the tale. It is a thoroughly American book, and reveals the practiced eye of wide experience, unless, indeed, the well-guarded anonymity conceals a talent where instinctive perception supplies the want of actual observation. In any event the appearance of such a book shows, like Miss Woolson's *Anne*, that, despite hard conditions, the genius of American story-telling still lives.

MR. LOWELL RESIGNS THE RECTORSHIP.

Mr. Lowell has resigned the Rectorship of St. Andrews in consequence of practical objections to holding the office by a foreigner. His resignation, however, leaves the honor and significance of his election untouched, and at the request of the university he will deliver an address to the students. The fact remains that the young men of the university preferred to confer the highest honor in their gift upon an American poet and scholar, and it is a signal proof of their generosity.

With all the alleged taste for British precedents and approval in our higher American colleges, it is certainly very doubtful whether, had these colleges been able to confer a similar honor, they would have selected any living Englishman as against an American to be its recipient. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, was invited to deliver the Chancellor's address at Union College a few years ago. But the invitation, we presume, proceeded from the authorities of the university, and there was no choice of candidates proposed to the students.

Meanwhile we may commiserate the implacable Mr. Robinson that this "employé of the government" has ceased to be a Lord Rector without the protest and intervention of the American Congress, and amid the general regret of those who elected him. Mr. Hewitt also has lost the opportunity of introducing a resolution requesting the President to inquire whether the election of Mr. Lowell, who is not an agreeable person to some Irish demagogues, was conducted in accordance with the laws of Great Britain.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No woman of her time better deserved a statue than Harriet Martineau. She had the talent of a public teacher, and she did very much to elevate and wisely direct public opinion upon many vital questions. Her statue has been placed appropriately in Boston, because in Boston the woman who was the most eminent woman of her day, and whose favor gave importance and dignity to any cause, openly manifested her sympathy with the greatest, but also, at the time, the most contemned, cause in America.

Antislavery sentiment is now commonplace. An American would more readily declare himself in favor of a monarchy than of slavery. But in the houses that warmly welcomed the famous Miss Martineau the name of abolitionist was almost, but in another way, as odious as that of polygamist would be now. That a woman of her position should be willing to associate with such people, and publicly profess their views, was a commendation of their cause such as it had not before received.

The erection of the statue in Boston is chiefly due to the interest and efforts of the life-long friend and biographer of Miss Martineau, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. The sculptor is Miss Whitney, who designed the admirable statue of Sumner. At the unveiling the speakers were Mrs. Livermore, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Jun., and Wendell Phillips. The orators were in every way the most fitting that could have been selected; and the statue will be a perpetual memorial not only of a woman who well merits such commemoration, but of events and a condition of society which ought not to be forgotten.

PERSONAL.

An esteemed correspondent of this journal reminds us that among the old sea-captains of the packet era was that gallant officer, John W. Sterling, who commanded the ship *Splendid*, and often spoke of the crowds that came to see that "monster of five hundred tons" when she was at her dock in New York, New Orleans, or Havre. He spoke French and Spanish fluently, and was well acquainted with the literature of those languages and his own. A member of his family has the "protection" which he used to carry with him, and which describes the captain as "an American seaman, four feet eight and a half inches tall," the date being October 15, 1810. His sister married Captain Robert H. Waterman, whose ranch in California is run in as good order and is altogether as "ship-shape" as the clippers which his men hated him for keeping as clean as a lady's parlor all the way out to San Francisco and back again.

—Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the *Saturday Review* is much taken with Mr. Howard Pyle's illustrations—"among the most beautiful of the year"—of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.* Its pleasure, however, is not unmixed: "We are haunted all through," it complains, "by the unpleasant suspicion that Mr. Pyle is an American artist, and that our own country may not have the credit of these admirable drawings. We must hope this suspicion is unfounded; but, after several weeks' work at illustrated books, when something good crops up, unfortunately the law of analogy tells us it comes from the other side of the Atlantic."

—Mr. Charles Tiffany's new house is five stories high, and will cost five hundred thousand dollars. On the top floor Mr. Louis C. Tiffany will have a large studio, fifty feet square and fifty feet high, with four immense fire-places; and the entire interior decoration of the edifice will reflect his taste.

—While travelling recently in Germany, Mr. Henry Labouchere entered himself in a hotel register as "Elector of Middlesex," and was greeted on all sides with lavish honors. But this little joke had been played before by an American, the late Mr. William A. Seaver, formerly of the staff of Harper's Weekly, who boldly traded on his title of "Elector of New York" with much success and merriment.

—General Charles Gordon, generally known as "Chinese Gordon," was only thirty years old when placed in command of a division of the Chinese army. He always went unarmed in battle, even when foremost in the breach, directing his troops by waving a little cane. As he was uniformly victorious in his engagements, his Chinese soldiers considered the cane to be a magic wand which insured his protection and their triumph. The General is a lofty and admirable type, honest as he is brave.

—The native magistrates of India are in luck. They will be allowed to sentence Europeans to six months' imprisonment, instead of three months as heretofore.

—"I am delighted to see your Highness," said the Pope to the Crown Prince of Germany. "You know that many persons dissuaded me from seeing you; but how could I not receive the future ruler of Germany?" "My only mission," replied the Crown Prince, "is to express the lively desire of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck that peace may be re-established between Church and State in Germany, compatibly with our institutions."

—Our esteemed contemporary the *Staats-Zeitung* has just entered its fiftieth year, and in commemoration of the event has published an interesting and very instructive sketch of its aims and triumphs. It claims to have the largest circulation of all the German dailies of the world, and it has consistently promulgated the principles of Thomas Jefferson. It has been a steadfast foe of corrupt legislation, and a leading force in schemes of national and municipal reform. We congratulate Mr. Ottendorfer on the honorable and commanding success of his able newspaper.

—"The Lullaby Sung me by Mother" is the title of a very charming ballad just issued by Mr. Maskett, of this city. The words are by Foster Coates, of the *Mail and Express*, and the composer has set them to a most pleasing and attractive melody.

—Sir Theodore Martin having written a biography of Lord Lyndhurst, the latter's daughter publicly asks him this pointed question: "Do you consider that it bestows either dignity or credibility upon a biographer to be employed by others to blacken the character of a distinguished man personally unknown to him?"

—Sarah Bernhardt has put on the stage of her theatre in Paris a play called *Nana Sahib*, which presents the author of the horrible massacre at Cawnpore as a liar, a thief, a monster of ferocity, and an ardent patriot. He is betrothed to the young, beautiful, and lovely daughter of Tippoo Rai.

—Rosa Bonheur's health is such that the public can scarcely expect any more work from her brush. Some of her very best pictures are owned in this country.

—Whatever permanent memorial shall be established in honor of Sir Moses Montefiore, the committee intend to make it of the widest application so far as creed and nationality are concerned, and of a character adapted to benefit humanity at large.

—In the London public schools the head masters only are allowed to inflict corporal punishment on the pupils. The result is that the assistant teachers are induced to irregular, often cruel, and always unrecorded modes of punishment. It is now sought to give to the assistant teachers also permission to use the rod, requiring them to enter immediately in a book kept for the purpose every instance of corporal punishment.

—Very extraordinary police precautions are still taken at Hawarden for the safety of Mr. Gladstone. No one seems to know exactly why two officers, armed with revolvers, closely guarded the Premier a few days ago while he was cutting off the branches of a tree that had been blown down by the wind.

—Slaves in the Soudan are taken down to the coast, put on board a vessel, and shipped by night to Arabia, whence they are distributed to all parts of the Turkish Empire.

—On the 15th inst. the Legislature of Iowa will present Kate Shelley with a handsome medal of the value of $150, and $200 in money, in recognition of her heroic act in preventing, on the night of July 6, 1881, at the risk of her life, a disaster on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, near Moingona, Iowa, which would have resulted, but for her, in an appalling loss of human life. The medal has been prepared by Tiffany & Co., of New York, and represents Kate in the act of crossing the railway bridge over the Des Moines River. Above are the words "Heroism, Youth, Humanity." On the reverse of the medal is the following inscription: "Presented by the State of Iowa to Kate Shelley, with the thanks of the General Assembly, in recognition of the courage and devotion of a child of fifteen years, whom neither the terror of the elements nor the fear of death could appall in her efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines Valley on the night of July 6, 1881." A portrait of this brave girl, with a poem descriptive of her heroic act, was printed in Harper's Young People, October 11, 1881.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The real Common Council of New York city sits more than a hundred miles from the City Hall, on the rural heights of Albany, and of the three hundred gentlemen composing that body few only reside in the metropolis which they rule. Utterly irresponsible itself to the citizens whom it governs, this council has divided the city into a dozen independent municipalities, and has bestowed each, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of despotic boards. The history of our municipal government has shown that irresponsible single Commissioners may possibly be good officers, but that irresponsible executive boards necessarily become weak, and if not inefficient, corrupt. More to Albany than to New York are due the facts that, while the population of Manhattan Island has increased only fifty per cent. during the last twenty years, the expenses of government have increased 430 per cent.; that practically it costs as much to govern New York as London; that the salary-maintenance of our parks exceeds that, acre for acre, in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Philadelphia respectively, 1500, 3000, and 5000 per cent.; that the care of our property and lives has been subordinated to the protection and spoliation of 30,000 harlots, gamblers, and thieves; and that of its 10,000 employés the city supports 3000 sinecures in comparative if not elegant luxury. Albany has graciously bestowed upon New York a form of government under which the city is farmed out to non-elective and independent Commissioners with power well-nigh absolute, and with tenure during bad behavior.

Twenty-four gentlemen receive severally $2000 a year for meeting one half-hour weekly at the City Hall for the purpose of granting to their constituents the erection of liquor signs and bay-windows in a manner prohibited by the city ordinances. It is not an exaggeration to say that practically the whole municipal business of the Board of Aldermen is this special infraction of the city laws. Over the city expenditures, over the public works, the sewers, the opening or closing of streets, the parks, docks, and the police, they have absolutely no control. Of the markets alone they have some supervision: from the granting of franchises they may rise to fortune. Their existence is a farce. They have practically no legislative power, and their slight executive duties would be far better performed by the Mayor. Sixteen strong men, with salaries amounting to $19,000 per annum, are occupied with the mighty task of waiting on the Aldermanic Board at its weekly half-hour session, and in toiling to produce once each week a four-page transcript of the legislative action of the Board. This much-labored transcript, however, is seldom, if ever, referred to; the *City Record*, the official publication of the city, publishes these same proceedings, and is accepted as evidence in the courts of law. Concerning these sixteen gentlemen, the Chief Clerk, Francis J. Tuomey, testified before the McCarthy Senate committee, in 1881, "It takes two men to do what one good man should do." He also added that nine men could easily perform the work, and disinterested judges have declared that four only are necessary.

The city possesses a Mayor, but his executive duties are of too trivial a character to merit extended comment. Practically he has no control over any of the departments, and his undue prominence is the consequence not of his executive but of his political power. He nominates the rulers of the city—the Commissioners. When these autocrats once receive the formal confirmation of their pocket Aldermen, they are responsible during their term of office only to death and the Penal Code.

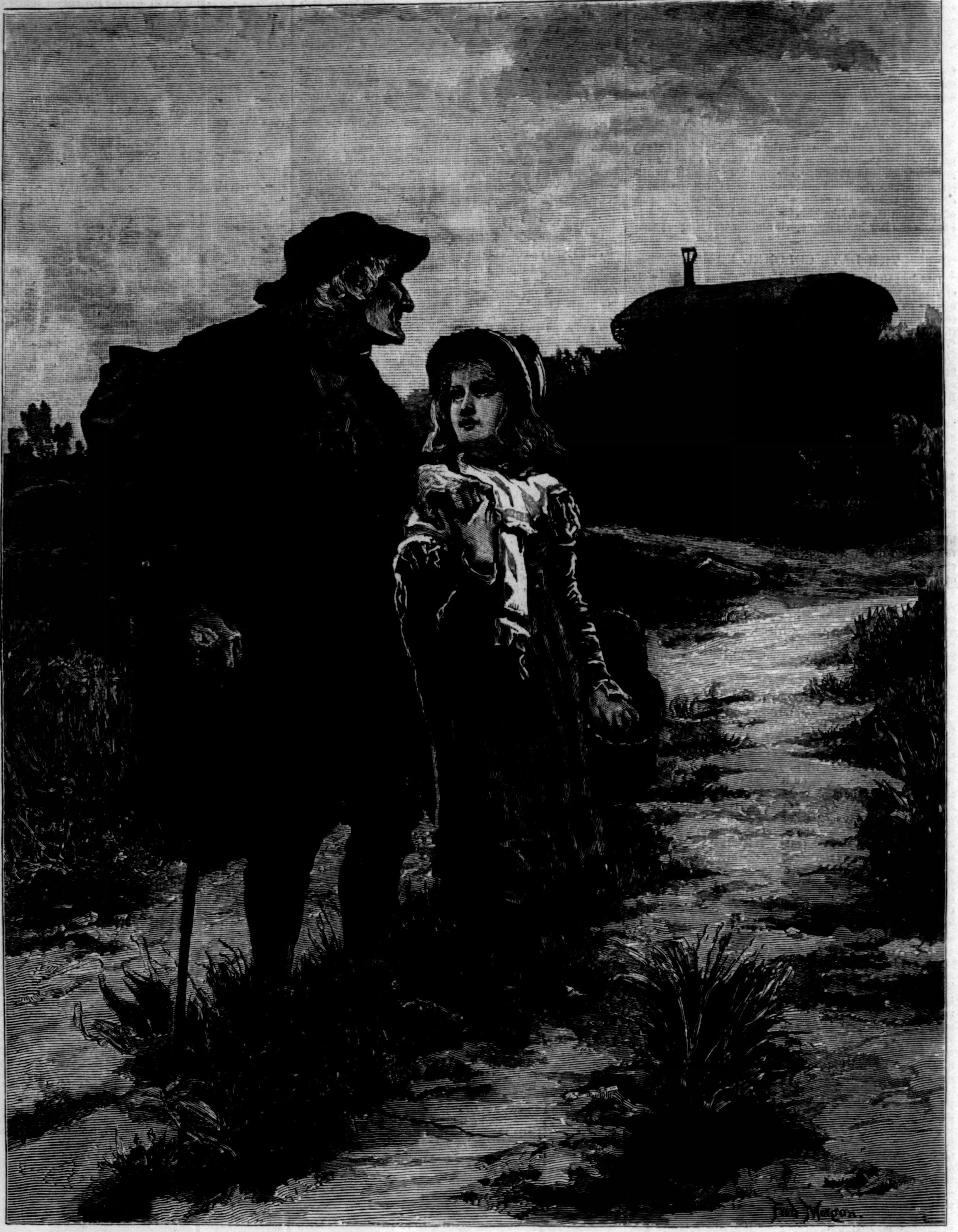
When extravagance, incompetence, and robbery are discovered in our city government, to whom can the citizens look for redress? Not to Commissioners whom the people never elect; not to a powerless Mayor who laments that wicked Aldermen will not confirm honest nominees; not to Aldermen who so loudly condemn the shocking nominations of the Mayor. Whatever be the evil, under the present city charter no one is responsible, no one is to be blamed.

Turning aside from our unimportant municipal officials, we next confront the most conspicuous and powerful of our rulers, the Commissioners of Police. Against some of these gentlemen, during many years, our city press has brought numerous and specific charges of incompetence or corruption, but without avail.

Such for many years has been the conduct of our police that, in political parlance, among the recognized emoluments, and even duties, of the force, are, first, the protection or assessment of five thousand proprietors of houses of ill fame, of thousands of gamblers, policy dealers, confidence men, and thieves, of thousands of liquor dealers—in fine, of any professional or occasional infractor of the law; and second, the political control of these individuals, of their friends, hirelings, and connections. Twenty-five hundred men and $3,000,000 annually have been so unsparingly and successfully employed that in no civilized city is unlicensed vice so safe as in the city of New York, in none is it so profitable to the guardians of the law. In the Twenty-ninth Precinct the vices of Ireland and France, of Italy and of Africa, are exposed with such aggressive competition to thousands of passers-by as to render prostitution the most conspicuous trade of that conspicuous quarter. So well known to the police are the thousands of disreputable houses, gambling dens, and policy shops that their flaunting existence is an accusation which strengthens the common report that should any of their proprietors fail to pay his regular monthly dues his exit from his chosen profession would be not less instantaneous than certain.

On the 22d of February, 1881, Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, furnished the Police Commissioners with overwhelming evidence of the existence of forty-five disorderly houses in the Fourth Precinct, and stated that he had appealed unsuccessfully for their suppression to the captain of the precinct. The most disorderly house in the neighborhood was within twenty-seven feet from the captain's desk. For six months Dr. Crosby attempted to have the conduct of this most vigilant captain investigated, but without success. On the 27th of October, 1881, the Police Commissioners were informed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime of the existence of a branch of the Louisiana State Lottery at No. 212 Broadway, where the daily receipts averaged five thousand dollars. No action was taken by the police, and at the end of some months the society raided and closed the office. The agent of the same society reported to the Commissioners that while raiding a policy shop on July 6, 1882, a police officer was found talking familiarly with the proprietor during the transaction of business. No action of the police authorities, however, was inconsistent with the assumption that this conduct of the officer was of the most exemplary character. The name of a police captain was discovered on the membership of a raided gam-

(*Continued on page 22.*


Fred. Morgan.

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

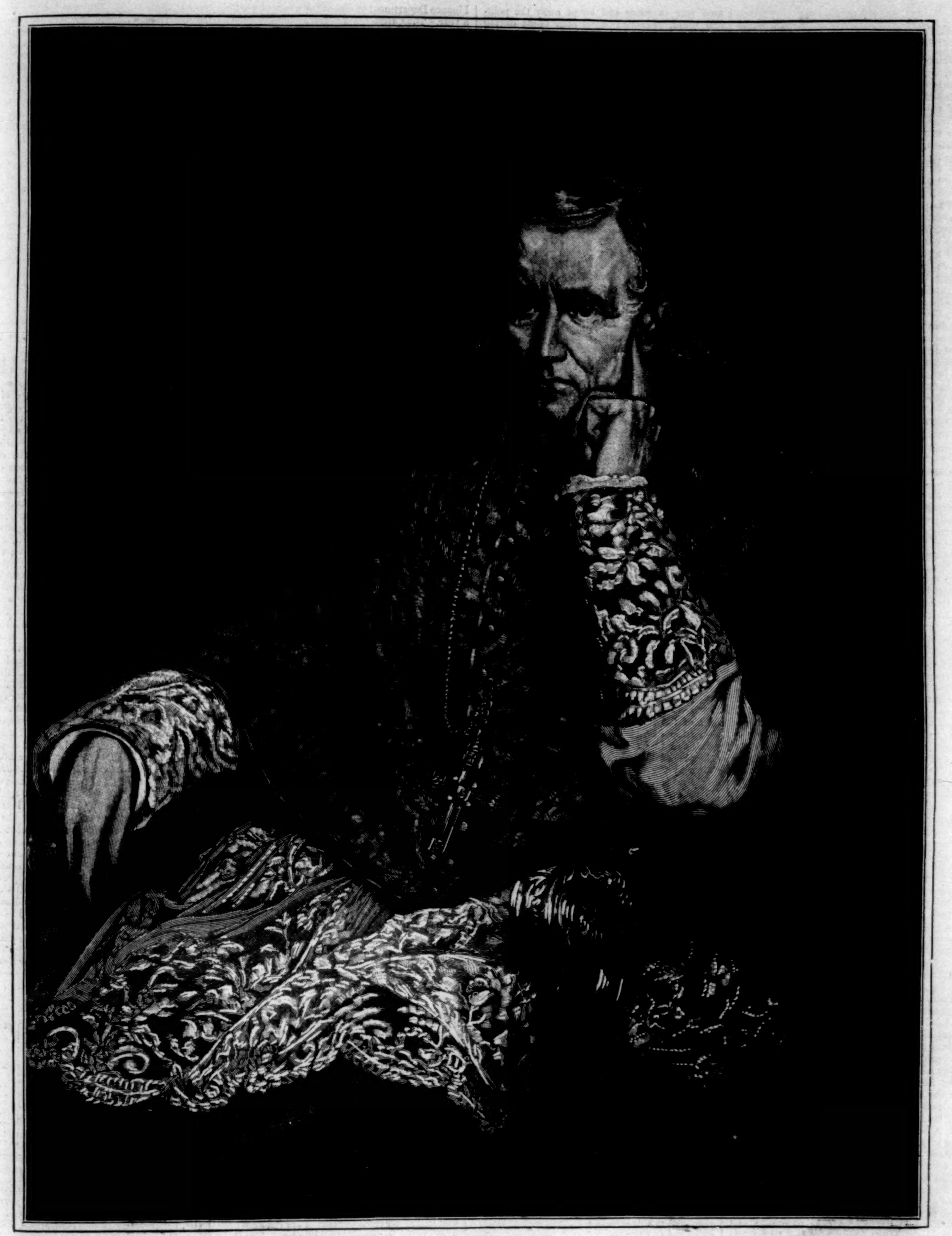
CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

Cardinal McCloskey, who is to celebrate on the 12th of January the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, represents in his career almost the whole history of the Roman Catholic Church in the city of New York. Although Catholics have been part of the population of the island for at least two hundred years, it is only within the present century that they have had a regular ecclesiastical organization here, and have developed the remarkable growth which has placed them in numbers at the head of all the denominations of the metropolis. John McCloskey was born in Brooklyn on the 20th of March, 1810. His parents were newly arrived immigrants from Ulster, devout Catholics, respectable, thrifty, and in easy circumstances. In 1810 Brooklyn was a village of 4500 people. It had no Catholic church, and New York had only one, namely, St. Peter's, in Barclay Street. The McCloskey family used to go there to mass, crossing the river by a row-boat or the horse-ferry; and there John was baptized by Father Anthony Kohlman, a learned Jesuit, who became famous about that time in connection with a case which determined the legal inviolability of the confessional. Some stolen property having been restored to the owner through his instrumentality, he was summoned, in a subsequent action, to tell from whom he received it, and after an elaborate argument the Court sustained him in refusing, De Witt Clinton writing a decision which permanently settled the principle in dispute.

In his twelfth year John McCloskey was sent to Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmittsburg, Maryland. The college at that time was little more than a struggling academy and theological seminary, where the lodging and fare were rude, the life was simple, and the apparatus of study was meagre; but Mount St. Mary's has always been famous as a school of energetic and accomplished churchmen—a distinction which it owes principally to the personal influence of its earliest teachers. The Rev. John Dubois, its founder and first president, was a French refugee, a man of strong character, with a good deal of the spirit of a pioneer missionary; he became Bishop of New York in 1826. His principal associate in the college was Father Bruté, also a Frenchman, and in his later years Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana—a man of great learning and exalted piety, whose quaint and simple figure is one of the most attractive in the records of the American Church. The students of theology at the Mountain were employed as tutors, and among them, when John McCloskey arrived, was a young Irishman recently promoted from the garden to the class-room, who became the famous Archbishop Hughes. He was thirteen years older than the Brooklyn lad, and they can hardly have been intimate.

John McCloskey spent seven years at the school and college, and four years at the theological seminary; and after being ordained in New York, January 12, 1834, by his old preceptor, Bishop Dubois, he went abroad for three years, attending courses of theology and philosophy in Rome, and travelling extensively.

He returned in time to witness the consecration of Bishop Hughes as coadjutor of New York, and the practical retirement of the aged and paralytic Dr. Dubois. A brilliant and serious



CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.—Photographed by Pach from a Painting by Huntington.

scholar, an orator, a man of many accomplishments, whose ease of manner derived a special charm from his unaffected modesty and gentleness, he became immediately one of the most notable of the small circle of priests who were then gathering around the vigorous young bishop. He was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in Sixth Avenue. To the duties of this post he added, in 1841, the presidency of the newly founded St. John's College, at Fordham, and the rectorship of the new diocesan seminary at the same place. What his standing must have been among the clergy we may judge from the fact that he had been hardly six years in the active labors of the ministry, and was only thirty-three years of age, when Bishop Hughes asked for his appointment as coadjutor. He was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 10th of March, 1844. That was a period of great polemical bitterness, and Bishop Hughes was always in the thick of the fray. But we never find the name of the coadjutor in the great controversies of the time. To him fell the more congenial part of visiting the large diocese, then comprising the whole State of New York and a part of New Jersey, and attending to the spiritual wants of a neglected Catholic population, increasing much faster than the churches or the clergy. In 1847 the diocese was divided, and Bishop McCloskey was transferred to the new see of Albany, where he remained, ruling a prosperous and contented flock, until the death of Archbishop Hughes promoted him to the metropolitan see of New York. He became archbishop on the 6th of May, 1864.

Shrinking from unnecessary disputes and personal quarrels, he was especially fitted for the era of peace which followed the fighting days of Archbishop Hughes. As a preacher he charmed his listeners by the clearness and precision of his thought, the simplicity of his method, the fluency and polish of his style, and the grace of a natural and musical delivery. As an ecclesiastical administrator he gained the confidence and affection of both clergy and laity to a remarkable degree. In general society he presented a pleasing combination of the dignity befitting his office with the suavity, tact, and ease of a cultivated gentleman. Of late years the condition of his health, which has been feeble ever since his boyhood, has confined him to the life of a recluse.

He was raised to the dignity of Cardinal by Pius IX. in the Consistory of March 15, 1875, and a special embassy, consisting of Monsignor Roncetti, Papal Ab-legate, Count Marefoschi, of the Pope's Noble Guard, and Dr. Ubaldi, Secretary, was dispatched from Rome with the insignia of the office. The *zuchetto*, or red skull-cap, which is presented as the first official announcement of the appointment, was delivered to the new Cardinal by Count Marefoschi on the 7th of April, the ceremony taking place at the Cardinal's house. The public solemnity of conferring the red *berretta*, brought by the Ab-legate, was held in the presence of an immense throng at the old Cathedral on the 27th of April, the late Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, officiating. The cardinal's hat and ring are always given at Rome. Cardinal McCloskey received these emblems from Leo XIII. in the Consistory of March 15, 1878, the first ever held by the new Pope.

The most conspicuous achievement of his administration has been the opening of the new Cathedral. This great monument was begun by Archbishop Hughes in 1858, but work was suspended in 1860. Dr. McCloskey gave a fresh impulse to the collection of funds; many rich Catholics made special donations of stained-glass windows or other parts of the sacred edifice, and the Cardinal himself was a liberal contributor from his private income. The great high altar of white marble, the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Lady Chapel, and the altar of the Sacred Heart are gifts from the Cardinal, their cost being at least $30,000. The richly carved pulpit, which is to be presented to him as a jubilee offering from the priests of the diocese, will be an appropriate memorial of the zeal with which during ten years he pushed forward the work upon this splendid church.

John R. G. Hassard.

[*Continued from page* 19.]

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

bling house called the Parole Club, as well as his written promise not to raid the institution. The captain is still on the force. Conclusive proofs were furnished by the same society that information of a projected raid on 102 West Thirty-second Street was furnished by the police. The matter was considered too trivial for official investigation.

Merchants whose wares obstruct our walks, liquor sellers, reputable and otherwise, whose time of business stretches beyond the interdicted hour of 1 A.M. or into Sunday's sacred limits, are forced to pay political homage to our constabulary lords. Such was the testimony of John R. Vorhees, former Police Commissioner, before the Senate committee in 1880, who stated also that of the 2261 policemen then existing, only 1700 were on patrol duty; of the rest many were shuffling in attendance on higher officials, or were detailed on private duty, where their extra fees helped to mitigate the severity of their lot.

The Council of Municipal Reform showed in 1880 that over a million dollars annually could easily be saved in the expenditures of the Police Department. The annual per capita cost to the population of the police in the cities of Harrisburg, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Rochester, Chicago, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Albany, Philadelphia, and New York is respectively, 31, 61, 73, 76, 88 cents, $1 04, $1 20, $1 23, $1 26, and $2 65.

In 1860 the cost of the police for the city of New York, omitting the district of Brooklyn, was $1,034,443; in 1880 this cost, omitting expenses of street cleaning, was $3,295,488. The increase of population was fifty per cent.; that of the expense of the police was over two hundred per cent. Notwithstanding an increase of wealth of one hundred per cent. during the same time, the cost of protecting a thousand dollars of property is to-day double that in 1860. The appropriations for 1883 were $3,426,130; those for 1884 are $3,601,534.

In the case of the property of others, extraordinary care is the general rule. One such case is found in the Police Department in the Lost and Stolen Bureau. No record, however, has been kept of the valuables, and hundreds of articles and moneys have unfortunately melted away.

The police authorities have one other important public duty: they appoint the registers of elections, they count the votes. Thus by the control of millions of money, legitimately and otherwise acquired, of two thousand five hundred employés, of those many citizens whose occupations are in the least illegal, the police authorities command an army of many thousand voters, and hold thereby an autocratic power as unsuspected by the placid voter of Murray Hill as are the methods by which it is sustained. It is not my intention to lay the cause of all these evils at the door of the present Commissioners; they are the hereditary legatees of a generation of corruption, and have the misfortune by their numbers to be a legislative rather than an executive body. The most experienced Commissioners are men of ability, and were any one of them absolute, he would, without doubt, institute great reforms. But as a body, the Board of Police Commissioners lies dormant in that slough of political iniquity in which its members at their official initiation found themselves plunged. The Police Board, by its numbers and its conflicting elements, is incapable of incisive action or a thorough reform. Its members singly are not bad men, but they are collectively inefficient, and can not check corruption. The captains and privates of the force have little incentive for improvement from the inert Board which rules them. They have grown up under a bad system. Morally they are only average men, and it is surprising that they have not done worse. In the not distant future self-preservation will give to one resolute man the absolute control of our police, and he, and he alone, can sweep from those Augean stables that mighty load of filth.

The Board of Public Parks, which will next have our attention, is perhaps the most conspicuous example of deplorable incapacity which has been exhibited by multiple-headed commissions even in New York city. Lack of harmony, disgraceful petty squabbles, and culpable inactivity have for years been characteristic of this Board. For example, in June 22, 1880, the Commission decided to make important changes in the parks, but the following three months were occupied in an angry and ungentlemanly contest over the choice of an architect. Weeks and months have been spent in wranglings over patronage, and the only discernible success of the Board has been in making its management of the parks the most expensive in the world. This extraordinary success is shown by the following table, which has been prepared by the Council of Municipal Reform:

COMPARATIVE EXPENDITURES OF THE PARK DEPARTMENTS OF THE FOLLOWING CITIES FOR 1881:

Cities.	Area of Improved Parks in Acres.	Annual Cost of Maintenance of such Parks per Acre.	Salaries for Maintenance.	Salaries for Maintenance per Acre.	Cost of Labor for Maintenance per Acre.	Cost of Police per Acre.
New York (estimate for 1883)	700	$710 47	$109,952	$157 00	$416 94	$165 71
Brooklyn	883	140 33	8,496	10 00	65 87	33 94
Albany	127	108 34	2,500	19 68	74 26	(None.)
Buffalo	595	36 90	3,000	5 05	11 84	(None.)
Philadelphia	2791	68 43	7,864	2 68	(Not sent.)	21 70
St. Louis	1800	24 29	5,673	3 15	10 08	9 00
Woodlawn Cemetery	100	108 00	1,200	12 00	....	....
New York (appropriation of 1882)	..	656 42	73,000	103 33	420 89	137 14
New York (expenditures of 1881)	..	533 22	85,335	121 90	324 55	124 56
Average of the other cities	..	75 65	5,295	8 43	40 51	18 21
London Parks	6000	83 00	....	....	....	....

The parks of New York, therefore, cost, acre for acre, five times as much for labor, twelve times as much for salaries, and nearly five times as much for maintenance, as those of the adjacent city of Brooklyn, where in 1881 so great was the municipal corruption that good citizens rose *en masse* and swept away the political board. $300,000 have been spent during the last ten years in surveying and mapping the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, although this work had been already done in 1870 and 1871, under arrangements by Comptroller Greene, for $125,000; $50,000 have been spent in making Assessors' maps, and they are not yet finished.

Eleven hundred dollars a mile were spent by the Park Department for the care of its one hundred miles of road, while in Brooklyn $265 a mile were deemed sufficient. The Eastern and Ocean parkways in Brooklyn were cared for in 1881 for $44 per acre, while $500 per acre were expended for corresponding care of the Riverside Avenue in New York. The salary maintenance of the New York parks demanded by the Board for 1883, acre for acre, exceeds that paid in Brooklyn, Buffalo, St. Louis, and Philadelphia by the respective multiples of 15, 30, 50, and 50. $733,000 were expended for the parks in 1883, and $317,000 in 1878. In 1877 the Park Commissioners made a written statement to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that $250,000 a year were sufficient "to maintain and keep in good order the parks of the city." An example of the service in the department is shown by the Bureau of Engineers, where some twenty-five gentlemen are engaged on work so intricate and mysterious that the Council for Municipal Reform has for three years been vainly endeavoring to discover what that work is. The same council in a recent publication states that the Park Department had "been spending for several years past three times the sum that the same amount and kind of work had cost in private parks, cemeteries, etc."; that "it appeared on the basis of these facts, and from the pay-rolls of this department, that it had spent an amount of money each year for labor on the maintenance of the parks alone that would employ 533 more laborers at the rates paid by the department than were required."

There has been no noteworthy increase in the acreage of the parks since 1877, yet there has taken place the following increase in the expense of maintenance:

APPROPRIATIONS FOR CARE OF THE PUBLIC PARKS OF NEW YORK CITY.

1877	$316,000
1878	341,000
1879	479,000
1880	568,500
1881	703,500
1882	682,000
1883	732,000
1884	869,800

For 1884 the appropriation asked by the Board amounted to the extraordinary sum of $1,100,000. It is a singular fact that, though only the President of the Board receives a salary, a commissionership of the parks is considered a great prize, and is much sought by politicians. An example of the management of the Board is shown by the fact that Commissioner Viele recently made the charge in open board that the records show an allotment of grain to each horse several times greater than it had been supposed a horse could eat.

In no case have the evils of a multiple-headed Commission been more conspicuously shown than in the Park Department. Lack of harmony has been its ruin. Had any of the Commissioners been absolute, a far better state of affairs would have existed. The Board in the past has been unfortunate in its composition, and the result has been that in the much-cultivated art of producing the smallest results with a given expenditure it need fear no competitor among the nations of the earth.

The Dock Department is an absolute power. Over its collections and disbursements it has entire control. It cares not for the Comptroller. If it is not satisfied with its appropriations, no power this side of Albany and revolution can restrict it in its right to issue $3,000,000 of bonds annually. Such are the virtues of our charter that the Dock Commissioners, though opposed by the remainder of the city government, can saddle the city each year with an increased debt of $3,000,000. To the credit of the Dock Commission it should be added that in no case has such a debt been incurred. The whole amount of bonds issued has only been $1,000,000 in excess of the revenues of the department paid in to the sinking fund. The law, however, is unwise, and should be repealed.

This department is unique in that it has reduced its expenses since its creation in 1870. In 1869 the docks were in charge of a bureau in the Department of Public Works, at a salary expense of $3450 a year; in 1870 the bureau was promoted to a department, and the expenses were promoted to $173,658. The department has begun a system of stone bulkheads which has been declared faulty and extravagant by the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Board of Trade, and the Council for Municipal Reform, and which, it has been claimed, when completed, will cost $60,000,000. It has been charged that the city does not receive its proper income from the docks. An example is given of a wharf near Thirty-fourth Street which had been leased to private parties at $800 a year, but which was rented later to the Finance Department of the city at a rate of $3400 a year. Thus, from carelessness or misjudgment, the city had lost $2600 annually. The Dock Commissioners deserve the thanks of the people in that they have furnished the best record in the city for economy. The expenses of their department have decreased forty-nine per cent. during the last ten years, and that decrease is now proceeding. The Commissioners, however, are not necessary, as the real work of the department is done by the chief engineer. Sweep aside the Commissioners and their long retinue of clerks, bring the department once more to its proper position as a bureau of the Public Works, make the chief engineer sovereign, but responsible, and the result will still further be decreased expense and increased efficiency.

It was not from excess of modesty that the Honorable William M. Tweed preferred the Commissionership of Public Works to the Mayoralty. The power of the former office is to that of the latter as 100 to 1. The office is the most powerful in patronage and possibility of plunder in the city, and its holders have for years been the recipients of general abuse; but though the department has been managed extravagantly and sometimes corruptly, it has also been managed with efficiency and decision.

As our city departments go, that of the Public Works exhibits such slight extravagance and incompetence, in proportion to its possibilities in that direction, that we can ascribe this unexpected improvement to the fact that here we have a single Commissioner. Should he be inclined to engage in official misconduct, he can not say, like the member of a commission, that on him will fall but a fraction of the blame; nor, when he desires to reward his political friends at the expense of the city treasury, need he first confer similar rewards on the followers of his fellow-Commissioners. Mr. Tweed bestowed one blessing on our city when he kept its most important commission in charge of a single head.

It is not, however, the intention here to state that abuses do not exist in the Public Works. It is a law of the department that contracts over a thousand dollars shall be given to the highest bidder, while those under that sum can be disposed of by special order at the will of the Commissioner. According to a recent statement by the Council of Political Reform, addressed to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, "such orders to the amount of $450,000 were given out by the Commissioner last year, and most of them at prices varying from twenty to fifty per cent. above commercial and contract prices."

The most conspicuous authority on the municipal affairs of New York stated to the writer that twenty-five per cent. of the expenditures in this department was unnecessary, that there were eighty instances where hydrants were purchased, three at a time, for many consecutive days, that the city paid more than private parties for water meters, that coal was purchased by the twenty tons, and that hundreds of thousands of bricks were bought in sums less than $1000.

The Commissioner has asked for $85,000 for maintenance of the city boulevards, or $427 per acre, while the boulevards in the Eastern and Ocean Parkways of Brooklyn cost for maintenance only $44 per acre. $104,447 were asked for next year by the Commissioner for cleaning the public buildings, which is ten times as much per foot as is required on the average for cleaning the United States Post-office Building, the Western Union Building, Mills Building, Morse Building, or the public schools, as is shown by the following table:

COMPARATIVE COST OF CLEANING THE PUBLIC AND CERTAIN PRIVATE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

	Cost of Labor and Salaries in 1883.	Cost of Labor and Salaries asked for 1884.	Number of Square Feet of Buildings cleaned.	Cost of Labor and Salaries per Square Foot for 1884.	Cost of Labor and Salaries per Square Foot in 1883.
New York City Buildings	60,000	104,447	268,000	39 cents 1882,	22c. 3m.
Temple Court	3,900	....	90,000	4c. 3m.	....
Morse Building	2,320	....	51.300	4c. 5m.	....
Equitable Insurance Company Building	7,000	....	150,000	4c. 6m.	....
Mills Building	11,081	....	243,750	4c. 5m.	....
Public Schools	....	....	....	4c. 7m.	....
United States Post Office	8,451	....	325,000	2c. 6m.	....
Western Union Building	1,620	....	58,520	2c. 8m.	....
Trinity Building	3,408	....	61,425	5c. 5m.	....

Average cost, except New York city buildings, for 1883, 4c. 2m.

Mr. John A. Strahan, who has much practical knowledge of the city government, stated before the McCarthy Senate committee in 1881 that there were eight bureaus in the Public Works which could be consolidated into two. The Commissioner at present can construct in any part of the city a sewer costing less than one million dollars without the permission of any one, he can assess lands drained by that sewer, he can spend a million a year in aqueduct building by the law of 1879, he can use the $1,800,000 of rents annually received from water meters in purchasing more meters, and he can spend these immense sums in addition to the millions which are annually appropriated to his department by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

One of the most absurd systems in our city government is the control of sewers, and that of the opening and paving of streets. For these purposes there are three distinct bureaus in different departments, thus necessitating three sets of officers, engineers, tools, and laborers. For example, the Board of Street Openings can open streets below Fifty-ninth Street; from the latter line to Harlem River that power is held by the Commissioner of Public Works; while above the river the authority vests in the Park Commission. Our sewers and original paving below Harlem River are controlled by the Public Works; above that boundary, by the Park Department. The opening of streets and of sewers and all original paving are paid for by bonds issued on demand of the departments, which are supposed to be subsequently paid by assessments on the adjacent land owners. It is in these bonds and assessments, which form no part of the appropriations for the departments, that the money of the public is wasted. For example, when One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street was opened the original assessment for the expense was $350,000. It was afterward determined that the city should share some of the burden; but instead of reducing the assessment on the property owners, the city was charged $300,000 besides. Here were $650,000 paid for work which had been estimated at $350,000; and this extra charge was apparently made not in consequence of any change in the character or expense of the work. Mr. Strahan showed before the Senate Commission that $30,000,000 will not cover the proposed expense of opening streets in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards. Large, therefore, as the regular appropriations for the Department of Public Works and Parks may appear, they are increased by these millions spent for streets, paving, and sewers—millions which are absolutely controlled by the departments, which are the fund of their extravagance, and which often force from the land owner a tax in excess of the yearly value of his property.

From 1850 to 1880 the population of New York city and the expenses of her charities increased respectively 134 and 588 per cent. In 1874 the appropriation for the Board of Charities and Correction was about $1,000,000. It is now half a million more, but as the number of inmates in the city institutions is only slightly in excess of that in 1874, there is no obvious cause for the increased expense. The estimate of the Commissioners for the expenses of 1884 is $2,081,122, while in 1875, with nearly the same number of inmates, the expenses were only $1,183,000. In the latter year the Commissioners stated to the Mayor that the expenses of the Department should not be over $1,000,000 a year. In 1860 the cost per inmate of the city charities was $91.19; that for 1875 was $109; the estimate for 1884 makes that cost $140, even when the estimated expense of new buildings is deducted. Five hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred dollars were asked for such new buildings. When it is considered that the number of inmates of our city institutions increased from 10,664 in 1875 to only 10,684 in 1882, that according to the last published report of the Department there were 5,487 beds in its hospitals, and an average of only 3,138 patients, that there have been appropriated during the last five years an annual average of over $100,000 for construction and $36,000 for repairs, it would seem that this last demand of $584,600 was excessive. If this charge be included in the cost of inmates, as was the case in 1860 and 1875, the annual per capita cost of the inmates for 1884, according to the Commissioners' estimates, would be over $190. Many grave charges of negligence, extravagance, and corruption have been brought against the Board of Charities and Correction. It is claimed that the buildings and apparatus of the department are not cared for, and that contracts for supplies are corruptly made.

The State Charities Aid Association continually press the Commissioners with recommendations and complaints, but as multiple-headed commissions average in this political world, the Board of Charities and Correction does so well that it approximates to decency. It is not to this Board that we must look for the entire waste of the city's money in charities. The philanthropists of former years at Albany passed laws which required the payment for the year 1884 of $1,094,749, belonging to the citizens of New York city, to various charitable institutions, and also the bestowal of all the fees from theatrical exhibitions on one institution. The city pays $110 annually for the care of each child in private institutions, while the cost of its inmates in the city work-house is only eighteen cents a day, and in the city almshouse only eleven and five-eighths cents. Mrs. Josephine S. Lowell, one of the Commissioners of the State Board of Charities, testified before the Senate Commission that, in her opinion, $1 50 per week was sufficient to maintain children and paupers in large institutions, while other well-informed judges have even stated that the surplus over one dollar is profit.

Following is a list of some of the appropriations:

Foundling Asylum, Sisters of Charity	$242,547 19
New York Catholic Protectory	214,500 00
New York Juvenile Asylum	107,128 82
Nursery and Child's Hospital	105,200 00
Children's Aid Society	70,000 00
New York Infant Asylum	67,967 57

and many others.

Some of these institutions, such as the Children's Aid Society, are admirably managed, but many are sectarian, and the largest part of the donations are given to one religious sect.

During the past twenty years the business of our courts has increased forty per cent., while the salaries of our court clerks and attendants have increased 350 per cent. Over $200,000 are annually wasted on these clerks, most of whom are broken-down invalids vainly endeavoring to appear employed, who receive all the way from $5000 to $1200 annually, and who could not earn in a private capacity $1000 a year. In the Marine Court in 1880 the salaries of clerks and attendants amounted to $56,000. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jun., clerk of the Common Pleas for many years, testified that $41,000 were sufficient. The salaries now are over $62,000. The District courts meet three times a week. Twenty clerks there receive severally $2000 a year, ten stenographers $2000, and forty attendants $1200. Mr. John H. Strahan testified before the Senate committee that the court attendants could be reduced by twenty, and that the staff of officers in the District and Police courts is an imposition upon the public; and such is the general feeling among all unbiassed persons who are acquainted with those courts.

Thomas Boese, Superior Court clerk, informed Mr. Strahan that $31,000 were sufficient to officer his court; these expenses are now $63,200. Judge Cowing testified that of the thirty-six attendants at the Court of General Sessions twenty-six alone are necessary, and that these were mainly occupied in conveying prisoners from the Tombs to the court and the penitentiary. But here comes in a remarkable fact: the city pays these thirty-six men, and at the same time pays the Sheriff fifty cents for each prisoner so carried, thus expending tens of thousands a year for no service. It should also be added that the clerks of courts are required to send to the Secretary of State the names of all condemned prisoners, and for each of these names the Sheriff receives seventy-five cents.

But it is impossible in a paper as brief as this must be to treat fully each department. It may be said, however, that the Corporation Attorney's office is practically useless, and is largely used to draw fines from merchants who have erected signs contrary to the city ordinance, and who have not sufficient political influence to obtain a permit from the Board of Aldermen; that the Excise Board grants improper licenses, such, for example, as to prominent politicians who have been convicted under the Civil Damage Act and have not paid their fines, and that its acknowledged receipts from business are $200,000 a year less than what the Council for Municipal Reform considers they should be; that the speculative system on city contracts is so universal that very few excavating contracts have gone through the city treasury during the last ten years wherein the final cost did not greatly exceed the first estimate; that the Bureau of Permits and Incumbrances is a nuisance and a humbug; that the Comptroller's office, which has been reduced again and again in the number of its employés, has still many useless clerks; that, though it has been considered, and probably is, the model department of the city, no one can estimate within hundreds of thousands the amount of the late Carroll defalcations; that the Bureau of City Revenue, which ought to be abolished, is $500,000 behind in its collections, and that until recently its books were kept in lead-pencil. There is a Bureau for the Collection of Arrears of Taxes which is so ably managed that those arrears are now over $8,000,000 in amount, and are annually increasing. Of the Register's Office, Dwight L. Olmstead testified before the Senate committee that the engrossing in past years has been so poor and the indexing so inaccurate that it is impossible to be sure whether there is a mortgage against any property, unless one pays for consulting the private indices of the city's searchers. Our system of education costs per capita twice that of Brooklyn or Philadelphia. The office of the Chamberlain is useless, and this opinion has the public approval of ex-Comptroller Andrew H. Green in his testimony before the McCarthy Commission.

The so-called City Assessors are a farce; their only duties are to apportion assessments on property according to its valuation previously determined by the real assessors, the Deputy and Tax-Commissioners. Their work is therefore purely arithmetical; it is actually performed by a clerk, and should be done by the Tax Commissioners.

The Board of Excise should be abolished, and its duties performed by the police. The power which grants and enforces licenses should be the same. At present the Excise Commissioners complain that the police do not support them, but allow disreputable places to exist without licenses, while the police claim that improper licenses are granted, and that they are thus prevented from closing objectionable houses.

The offices of Public Administrator, Corporation Attorney, and Attorney for the Collection of Arrears should be abolished, and their slight duties attended to by the Corporation Counsel.

There is no need of the office of Commissioner of Jurors; the slight duties of the office should be performed by the County Clerk, as is the custom elsewhere. The large fees paid to the Sheriff, Register, and County Clerk, by which the respective offices are worth $100,000, $75,000, and 50,000 a year, should be changed. The offices should be salaried, and all fees in excess of expenses should be paid to the city treasury.

The condition of the Sinking Fund is, perhaps, the most dangerous element in the government of the city. A law of 1813 enacted that certain revenues from docks, markets, ferries, water rents, licenses, franchises, etc., should be paid into a sinking fund to cancel specific bonds. These incomes increased so rapidly that, after paying all maturing bonds, the fund amounted in 1876 to $18,115,894, and in 1882 to $40,363,366. During the past five years the fund has increased at the average annual rate of over $4,000,000 a year, while the bonds for cancellation have matured at the rate of only $404,177. In 1872 the revenues were nearly $7,000,000. The Sinking Fund Commissioners long ago decided to use the surplus revenues in purchasing the bonds of the city, and the fund now holds of these $36,110,300. But here comes the evil; in place of destroying these bonds, they are retained in the fund, tax-payers are obliged to pay interest on them, and this interest, plus the revenues above mentioned, is added to the fund each year. If the fund increases even at a less rate than in the past, it will assume the following proportions before it runs out by law:*

		Bonds redeemable by law.
1883....	$40,248,879	$19,537,971
1888....	71,534,801	14,288,600
1893....	117,618,170	13,968,200
1898....	176,088,724	12,200,600
1903....	245,564,234	9,720,000
1913....	455,215,070	13,044,598
1923....	800,118,586	21,147,800

This vast sum of $40,248,879 is now invested in the bonds of the city, and to pay interest on them the people are yearly taxed. But these bonds can be re-issued and sold at the will of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, and in this lies much of the extravagance of expenditures for new streets, sewers, water-works, docks, etc. Whenever new streets are to be laid out or sewers built, the Sinking Fund hides the expense; it issues bonds, pays for them, furnishes the money for streets, and waits often in vain for the payment of the assessments. If they are paid, so much the better; if not, so much the worse for the Sinking Fund. In this way over $3,000,000 a year are annually paid out, and the people pay indirectly for these in the way of interest on the bonds held in the fund. Here is a system by which the greater the city's debt, the greater the fund to draw from for extraordinary expenditures. Heads of departments are ever anxious to issue as many bonds as possible, in order that their appropriation may not appear excessive. The people in the mean while think they are rapidly paying off the public debt, but little do they know that millions of the so-called investments of the fund are only the cloak to hide the deficiencies of the departments.

For example, by chapter 383 of the laws of 1881, $9,700,000 uncollectable and doubtful assessments were assumed by the Sinking Fund. There are now some $10,000,000 of assessments in arrears; and if this system continues, the people may find that when the fund has nominally a sufficient amount to cancel all its indebtedness, it has in reality only the bad debts of the different departments. By such means the Sinking Fund of the State of New York was almost wholly lost ten years ago. Over $11,000,000 had been taken from the fund and used to pay extraordinary expenditures, and to recoup this loss the city of New York has already paid $2,400,000, and must ultimately pay $1,500,000 more. The outlook is that the tax-payers will be forced to do the same for the city itself. One remedy is needed—a law authorizing the Sinking Fund Commissioners to cancel bonds of the city held in the Sinking Fund. There is good legal authority for such law, and its passage will relieve the Sinking Fund Commissioners, who are not responsible for the present state of affairs, from many troubles. The revenues of the fund are now over $6,000,000 a year—a sum many times sufficient to cancel all the bonds for which the fund is liable. If managed as now, the city will awake some day to find that it is bankrupt. This may be a blessing, as, in the words of a municipal pessimist, "the sooner the city is bankrupt the better, as it must then pay as it goes, and no concealment of expenditure is possible."

The preceding facts explain the anomaly that, while from 1860 to 1880 the property of the city increased from $576,631,706 to $1,098,387,775—an increase of one hundred per cent.—the expenses increased from $9,758,507 to $33,254,779—an increase of three hundred and forty per cent.; that the per capita tax increased from $11.17 to $27.71; that the per capita cost of public instruction increased from $11 to $22; that of charities from $20 to $33; and that the per capita cost of government of this city is, excepting war debt, over ten times the per capita cost of the government of the United States. It is therefore not surprising that the Council for Municipal Reform have estimated that $160,000,000 have been stolen and wasted in the expenditures of the city during the last twenty years.

The following table will give an insight into the increase of our expenditures during the past thirty years:

COMPARATIVE EXPENSES AND DEBT OF NEW YORK CITY FROM 1850 TO 1880.

Valuation of Property.	Population.	Expenses of Government.	City Debt.	Per Capita Expenses of Government.	Rate of Taxation.	Debt per Capita.
1850.. $286,161,816	515,000	$3,230,085	$12,204,176	$6.27	$1.1375	$23.69
1860.. 576,631,706	814,254	9,758,507	18,701,440	11.99	1.69	23.21
1870.. 1,047,388,000	942,292	23,566,240	73,373,582	25.11	2.25	77.87
1880.. 1,098,387,775	1,200,000	33,254,779	135,100,907	27.37	2.53	112.58

Such is the condition of the government of the city of New York. Its form is the gift of Albany, and is an admirable combination of the worst features of the feudal system and of the provincial governments of the Roman republic. Under such a form and charter it is idle to hope for any permanent improvement. The Mayor, however honest, is powerless; the Commissioners, by the plunder of their departments, can elect Aldermen subservient to their wishes, and can thus continue their pillage. Even when a decent Commissioner is selected, as he finds that his honesty, economy, and industry simply allow wider scope to the looseness, extravagance, and neglect of his brother commissioners, he is in constant danger of sinking to the level of the rest. Make thirty archangels commissioners of New York city, and in six months, from gentle servants in realms above, they will evolve into reckless rulers below. Our fight for decent government in this afflicted city must begin in Albany, and end at the City Hall. First give the citizens of New York a charter which grants responsibility and power to their elective officers, and those citizens will elect proper men. We need a Mayor who can appoint and remove commissioners at will, and who can be held responsible for corruption, extravagance, and incompetence in every department. We need single-headed commissions, whereof the head will be directly responsible to the Mayor for all mismanagement in each department. We need the consolidation or extinction of some thirty bureaus, the discharge of some three thousand sinecurists, a general reduction in the salaries of many employés, and the extension of the reformed civil service rules to as many departments as possible.

Multiple commissions have been tried, and have proved the most conspicuous municipal failure of this generation. An executive to be prompt, incisive, efficient, and responsible must be single. Such are the well-known utterances of our leading statesmen from the time of Hamilton to the present. To the same effect was a large preponderance of testimony before the Senate committee of 1880 by men best informed upon the government of this city. It has been too customary in the State of New York to substitute executive boards for single heads of departments. This is an age of multiple affairs and dispatch; an age when our cumbrous Legislature must be cut down to smaller numbers; much more, then, should we avoid encumbering by numbers the usefulness and energy of our Executive. The conduct of the affairs of a large city requires, not legislative, but business and executive, ability. The common practice of governing American cities by two legislative bodies is the reduction of the British Parliamentary system to its most ludicrous and farcical extreme. New York city has fortunately rid herself of one legislative branch of her government, and the power of the remaining body has been so belittled that its extinction is only a question of time.

Single-headed commissions are opposed by only two prominent classes in New York city: first, by politicians, who desire the number of offices to be as large as possible; second, by some Republicans, who fear that with single commissions their party will have a less chance for offices. The first class needs no answer. As to the second, if the Republican party of New York city hopes to obtain minority representation by weakening the city's service and squandering its money, if the feeding of pap to Republican politicians is more important than the efficient and economical government of our city, then woe to the Republican party here! If minority representation be desirable, it should occur in the manner of voting, and not in saddling useless offices on the city. I do not mean, however, to accuse the majority of city Republicans. They are in favor of good government, and rightly believe that our city politics should be wholly separated from those of the State and country.

In 1881 a majority of the Senate committee appointed to investigate the condition of the government of New York city made a report, and recommended a charter, which, though burdened with much unnecessary matter provoking hostility, was still the best charter that has been proposed for the city. The report is one of the most excellent documents written on municipal affairs. It says: "The government of the city as at present constituted is a marked failure. It is badly regulated, badly administered, exorbitantly and inexcusably expensive, and in its various parts substantially irresponsible. The departments are little short of independent commissions, over whose actions there is no adequate control. In theory the Mayor is responsible for the government of the city. He is supposed to be the highest officer in the government, being elected by and representing the people. But this in practice is pure delusion. Under existing laws the Mayor has less power in the government than the head of any of the so-called subordinate departments. Independent action on the part of the Mayor of the city under these laws is impossible. If he acts at all, he will be compelled to give way before the stronger influences which oppose him, and his giving way virtually makes him a mere tool or instrument in the hands of controlling political influences inimical to the best interests of the city. The city offices are filled with adherents of political organizations who make it their primary duty to attend to the interests of their political masters, and in such circumstances it was, of course, to be expected that every head of a department and other officer should consider his or their own administration to be perfection. Accordingly, it was strongly represented to the committee that not an assistant or subordinate in a department or office could be dispensed with, not a salary could be reduced, and that to compel one or the other of these would be to sacrifice the interests of the city. From this opinion the committee wholly dissents."

The charter which was recommended by the committee, besides making the Commissioners single, and to be appointed and removed by the Mayor, mentions twenty-eight commissions and bureaus which should be abolished or incorporated with other departments or bureaus. Among them are the following:

Excise Commissioners.	Duties transferred to Police.
Board of Assessors......	Duties transferred to Tax Commissioners.
Bureau of Permits .... Bureau of Licenses.......	Abolished.
Bureau of Licenses in Finance Department ..... Bureau of Collection of Assessments .... Bureau of City Revenue.. Bureau of Markets....... Bureau of Arrears of Taxes.................. Bureau of Collection of Water rents, etc........	Made one Bureau.
Bureau of Water Purveyor Bureau of Street Improvements................. Bureau of Roads......... Bureau of Lamps .... Bureau of Incumbrances (Public Works)......... Bureau of Repairs (Public Works) .... Bureau of Croton Aqueducts	Made one Bureau of Public Works.
Corporation Attorney . .. Public Administrator .... Attorney for Collection of Taxes..................	Duties transferred to Corporation Counsel.
Supervisor of *City Record*.	Abolished—work to be done by Clerk of Common Council.
Commissioner of Jurors..	Abolished—duties performed by County Clerk.

The bill failed, but it showed more clearly than ever before the evils which surround the city.

Since the date of the recommendation of the bill a great advance has been made. The system of civil service examinations has been established in the national and State governments, and by the recent civil service bill in New York the mayors of cities of 50,000 inhabitants have the power to apply to them its provisions. These examinations are to be practical, and based as nearly as possible upon the daily routine work of the office; they are only for subordinate positions, and are open to all citizens, of whatever political party. Whoever shows himself to be the best penman, the most accurate and rapid mathematician, the most fitted for the regular work of the office to be filled, will be placed on trial; and if at the end of six months he proves to be honest, practical, and trustworthy, then, and then only, will he receive a permanent appointment. With so much success has the system been tried in the New York Custom-house that the Chamber of Commerce recently waited on the Collector and made a formal demand for the retention of the system. Merchants of all classes have testified to the increased efficiency of the clerks under the new system, a new spirit of industry and ambition has arisen among the employés, and the new examination men have shown themselves so superior to the old party nominees that, although the former have been only one-tenth of the whole number, they have in competition won seven-tenths of the total promotions. The Mayor of the city of New York proposes to give trial to this system, and to his support should come all who wish for the better government of the city. If the system of merit can once rule in appointments, there will be little to fear from sinecures and incompetence.

But with the continuance of our present system of government, with an increased appropriation for 1884 of $3,369,379 over that in 1883 for regular expenses of government—an increase inexcusable in the present depressed condition of business—with vast public works, such as new aqueducts, docks, and streets, looming up in the near future, it is plain that without a sweeping change the bankruptcy of the city and the decay of its commercial power are only matters of time.

The brightest outlook of the situation is that our municipal affairs are fast becoming so desperate that the self-interest of decent citizens must soon force them into that activity which alone can bring a permanent improvement in the government of the city.

JANUARY.

I HEARD a midnight tapping at my door.
"Enter," I said; then, lo! upon my floor
Stood January, saying, with a smile:
"A happy New-Year, friend! Come out a while;
For I have bound each stream
The flying feet to bear;
The city's like a dream
With snow and frost-work rare.
Hark to the sleigh-bells ringing!
Hark to the maidens singing!
Come out, and claim thy share."

"Nay, but the birds are dumb, the flowers are dead,
Trees moan and shiver leafless overhead;
Only a few large stars make pallid light;
And winter winds sigh through the gulfs of night.
New-Year, if thou would bless,
Bless then in mine own way.
Give Love to my caress,
If only while thou stay.
Far off, like music falling,
I hear his sweet voice calling,
Give Love to me this day."

"But I have other gifts this gift above."
"I will have nothing else—Love, only Love."
"Heed what I say: Love always bringeth pain—
To lose this year for Love were little gain."
"I'll lose it, only give
Love's sunshine and his showers:
Better with him to live,
Even through anxious hours,
Than still to see him flying,
And still for him be sighing.
Love's sweet, and Time brings flowers."

"Then dress with rose-buds thy long loosened hair;
Sing like a robin in the spring's sweet light;
Turn clear eyes to the north; thence unaware
Comes one unknown that shall be known on sight;
For he is Love to thee,
And at thy feet shall fling
A true heart, fit to be
Beauty's meet offering.
But, to keep thy Love from straying,
Heed well what I now am saying—
Bind Love with a gold ring."

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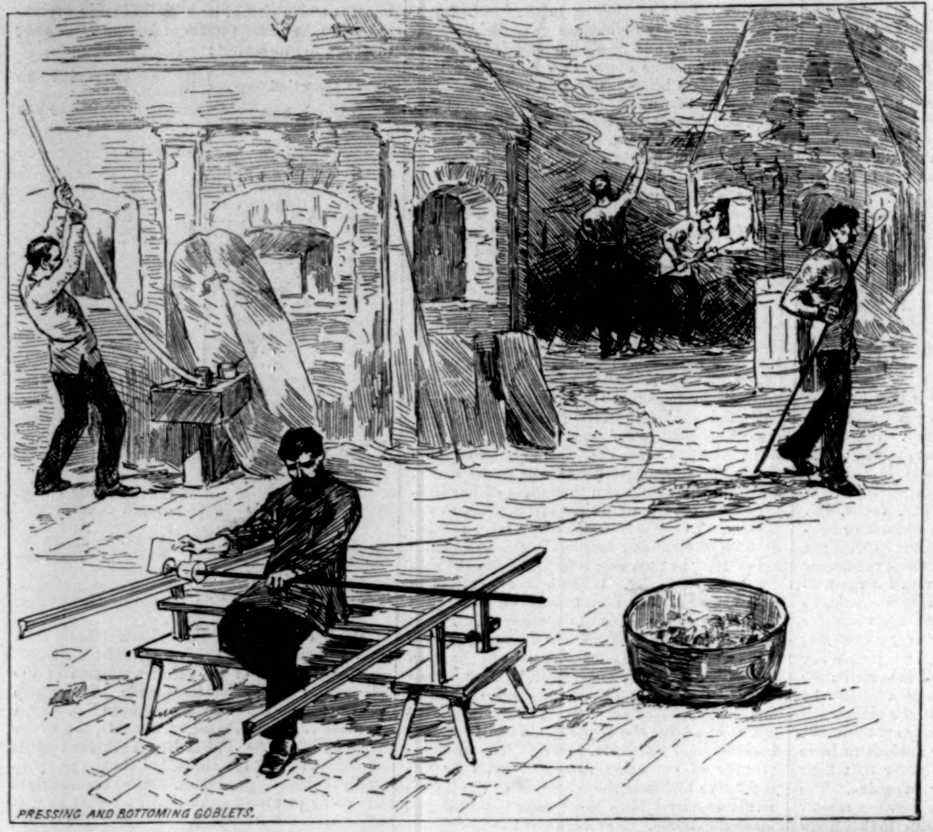
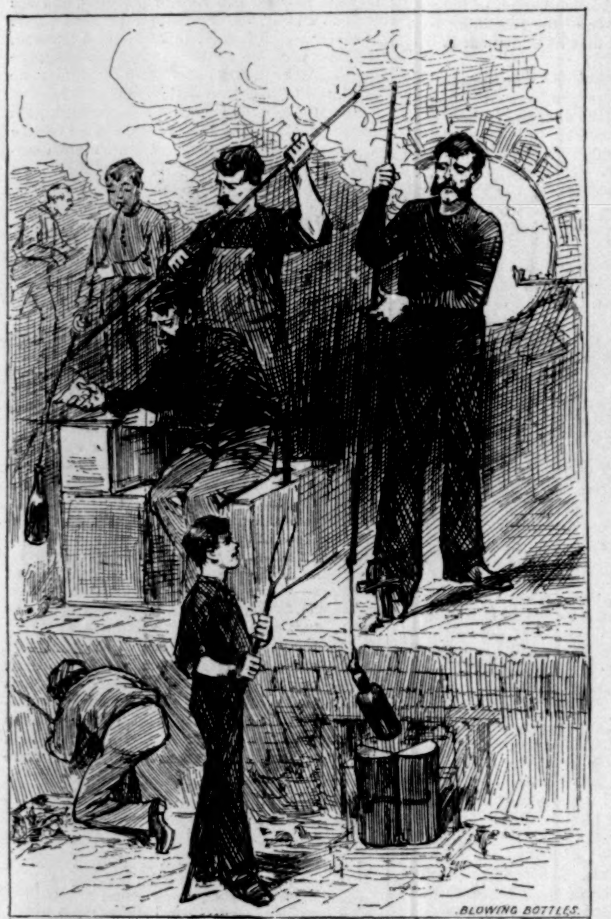
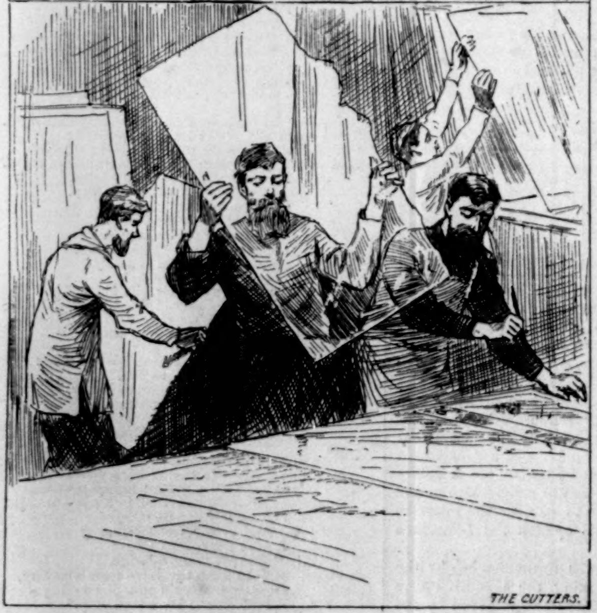
* These figures are kindly presented by Mr. H. N. Beers, of the Council for Municipal Reform.



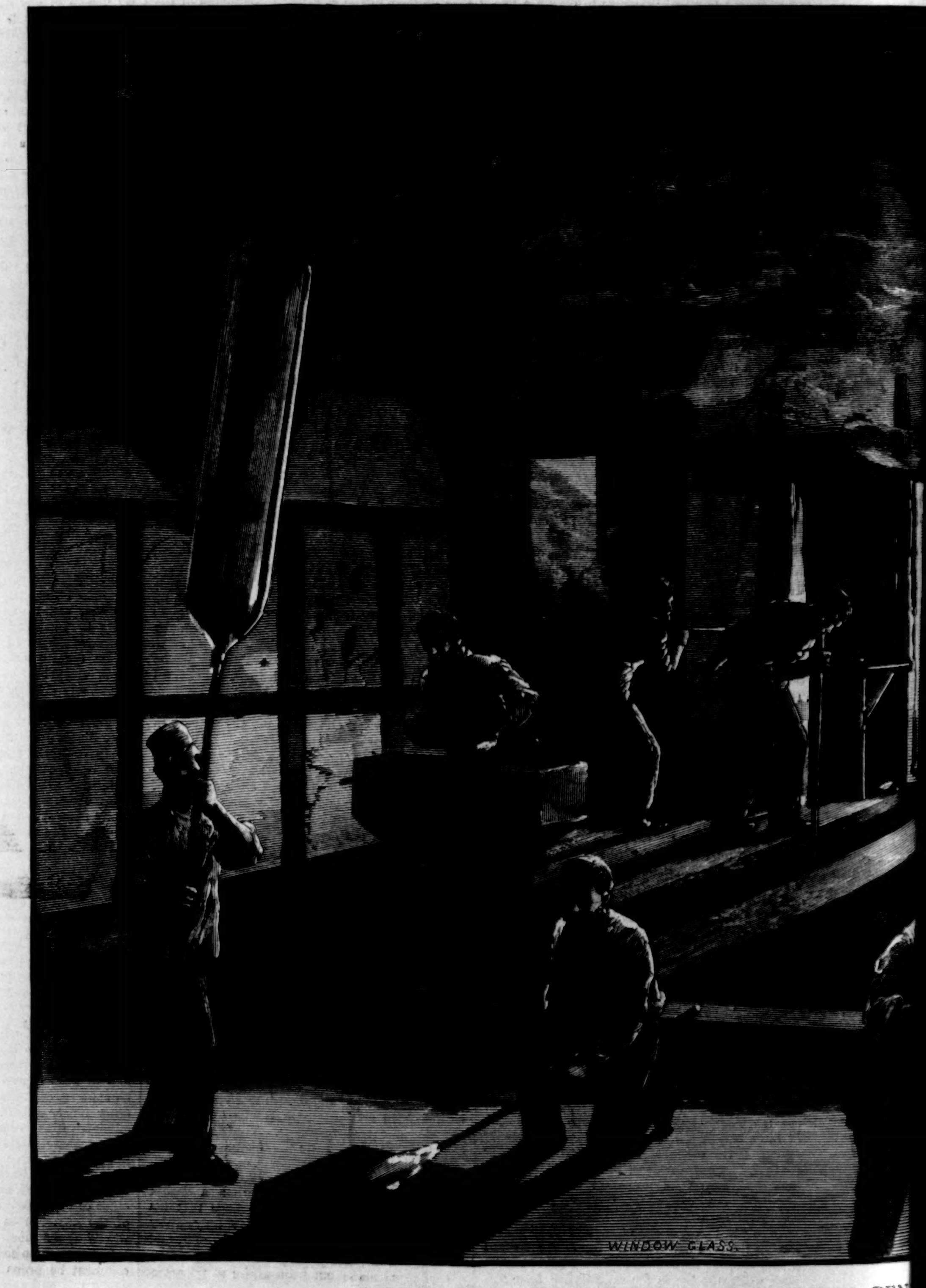
PRESSING AND BOTTOMING GOBLETS.



BLOWING BOTTLES.

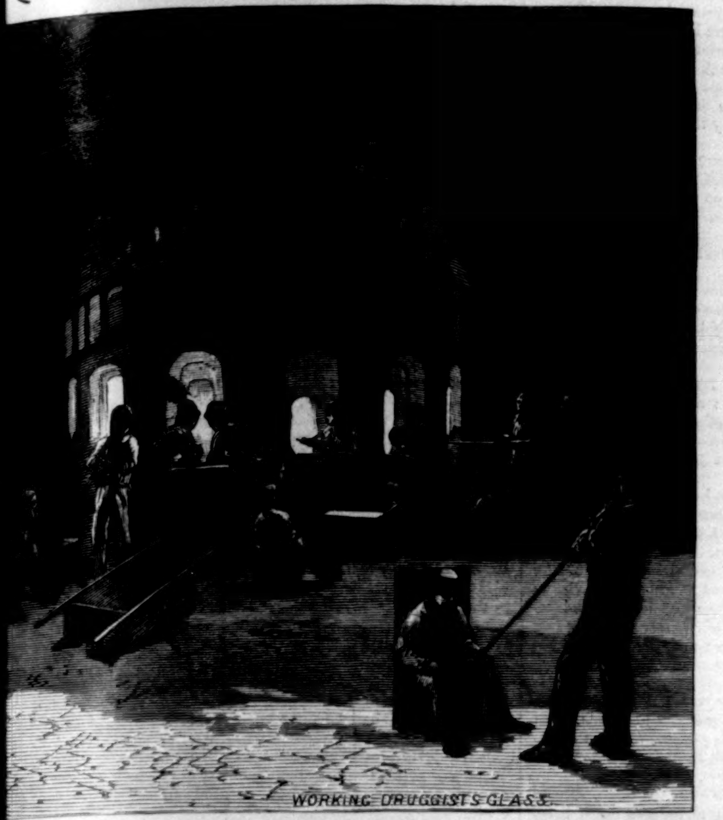


THE CUTTERS.

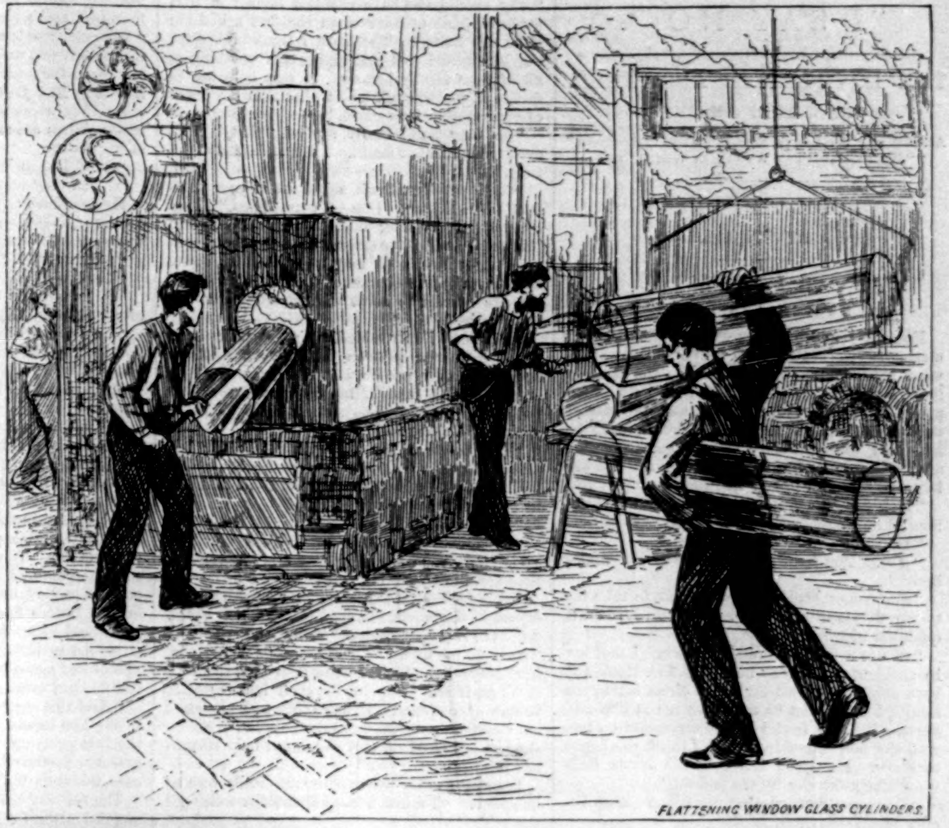


WINDOW GLASS.

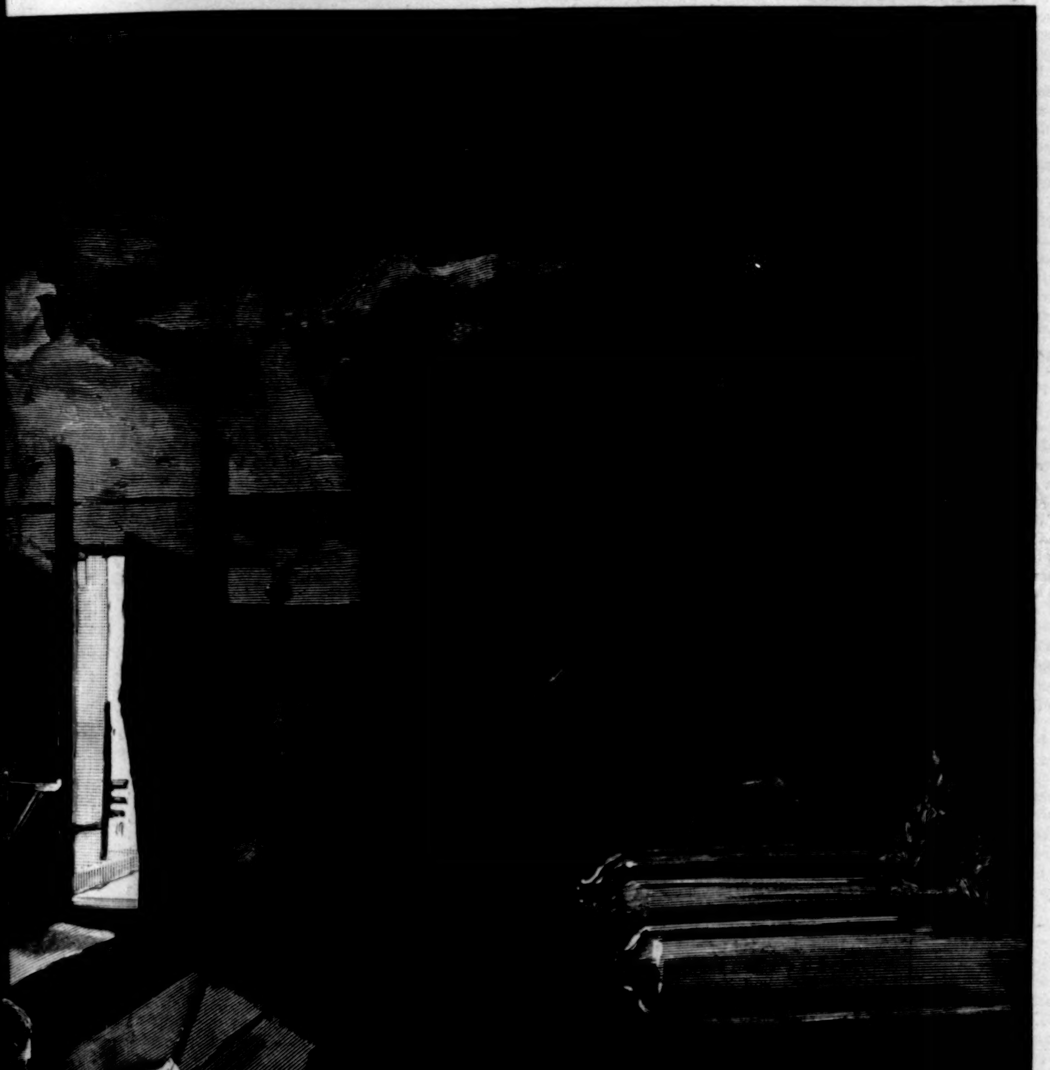
SCENES IN A GLASS FOUNDRY, PITTSBURGH, PEN

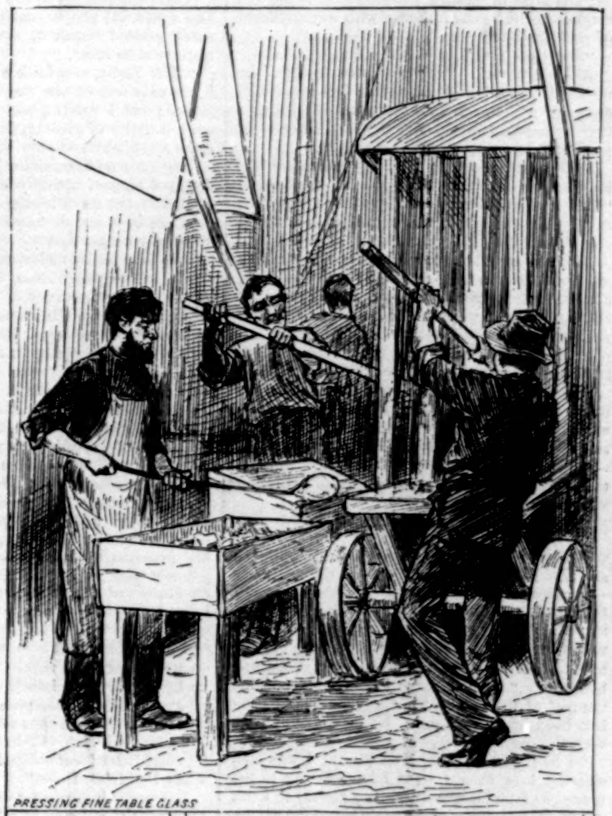


WORKING DRUGGISTS GLASS.

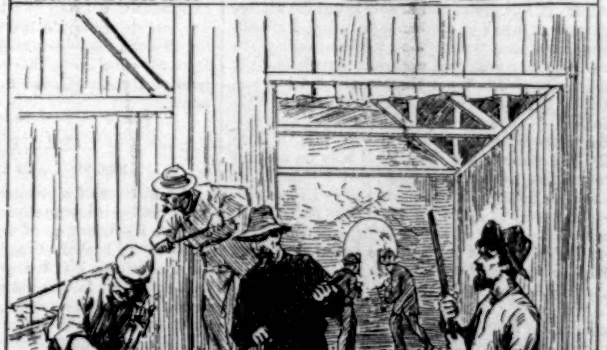


FLATTENING WINDOW GLASS CYLINDERS.





PRESSING FINE TABLE GLASS.



MIXING THE BATCH.

EN LVANIA.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 27.]

"I SAY NO:"[*]

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VIII.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Emily's impulse was to avoid the drawing master for the second time. The moment afterward a kinder feeling prevailed. The farewell interview with Cecilia had left influences which pleaded for Alban Morris. It was the day of parting good wishes and general separations: he had only perhaps come to say good-by. She advanced to offer her hand, when he stopped her by pointing to Sir Jervis Redwood's card.

"May I say a word, Miss Emily, about that woman?" he asked.

"Do you mean Mrs. Rook?"

"Yes. You know, of course, why she comes here?"

"She comes here, by appointment, to take me to Sir Jervis Redwood's house. Are you acquainted with her?"

"She is a perfect stranger to me. I met her by accident on her way here. If Mrs. Rook had been content with asking me to direct her to the school, I should not be troubling you at this moment. But she forced her conversation on me. And she said something which I think you ought to know. Have you heard of Sir Jervis Redwood's housekeeper before to-day?"

"I have only heard what my friend—Miss Cecilia Wyvil—has told me."

"Did Miss Cecilia tell you that Mrs. Rook was acquainted with your father or with any members of your family?"

"Certainly not."

Alban reflected. "It was natural enough," he resumed, "that Mrs. Rook should feel some curiosity about You. What reason had she for putting a question to me about your father—and putting it in a very strange manner?"

Emily's interest was instantly excited. She led the way back to the seats in the shade. "Tell me, Mr. Morris, exactly what the woman said." As she spoke she signed to him to be seated.

Alban observed the natural grace of her action when she set him the example of taking a chair, and the little heightening of her color caused by anxiety to hear what he had still to tell her. Forgetting the restraint that he had hitherto imposed on himself, he enjoyed the luxury of silently admiring her. Her manner betrayed none of the conscious confusion which would have shown itself if her heart had been secretly inclined toward him. She saw the man looking at her. In simple perplexity she looked at the man.

"Are you hesitating on my account?" she asked. "Did Mrs. Rook say something of my father which I mustn't hear?"

"No, no; nothing of the sort."

"You seem to be confused."

Her innocent indifference tried his patience sorely. His memory went back to the past time—recalled the ill-placed passion of his youth, and the cruel injury inflicted on him: his pride was roused. Was he making himself ridiculous? The vehement throbbing of his heart almost suffocated him. And there she sat, wondering at his odd behavior. "Even this girl is as cold-blooded as the rest of her sex." That angry thought gave him back his self-control. He made his excuses with the easy politeness of a man of the world.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Emily; I was considering how to put what I have to say in the fewest and plainest words. Let me try if I can do it. If Mrs. Rook had merely asked me whether your father and mother were living, I should have attributed the question to the commonplace curiosity of a gossiping woman, and have thought no more of it. What she actually did say was this: 'Perhaps you can tell me if Miss Emily's father—' There she checked herself, and suddenly altered the question in this way, 'if Miss Emily's *parents* are living?' I may be making mountains out of mole-hills; but I thought at the time (and think still) that she had some special interest in inquiring after your father, and, not wishing me to notice it for reasons of her own, changed the form of the question so as to include your mother. Does this strike you as a far-fetched conclusion?"

"Whatever it may be," Emily said, "it is my conclusion too. How did you answer her?"

"Quite easily. I could give her no information, and I said so."

"Let me offer you the information, Mr. Morris, before we say anything more. I have lost both my parents."

Alban's momentary outbreak of irritability was at an end. He was earnest and yet gentle again; he forgave her for not understanding how dear and how delightful to him she was. "Will it distress you," he said, "if I ask how long it is since your father died?"

"Nearly four years," she replied. "He was the most generous of men; Mrs. Rook's interest in him may surely have been a grateful interest. He may have been kind to her in past years—and she may remember him thankfully. Don't you think so?"

Alban was unable to agree with her. "If Mrs. Rook's interest in your father was the harmless interest that you have suggested," he said, "why should she have checked herself in that unaccountable manner when she first asked me if he was living? The more I think of it now, the less sure I feel that she knows anything at all of your family history. It may help me to decide if you will tell me at what time the death of your mother took place."

"So long ago," Emily replied, "that I can't even remember her death. I was an infant at the time."

"And yet Mrs. Rook asked me if your 'parents' were living! One of two things," Alban concluded. "Either there is some mystery in this matter, which we can not hope to penetrate at present, or Mrs. Rook may have been speaking at random on the chance of discovering whether you are related to some 'Mr. Brown' whom she once knew."

"Besides," Emily added, "it's only fair to remember what a common family name mine is, and how easily people may make mistakes. I should like to know if my dear lost father was really in her mind when she spoke to you. Do you think I could find it out?"

"If Mrs. Rook has any reasons for concealment, I believe you would have no chance of finding it out—unless, indeed, you could take her by surprise."

"In what way, Mr. Morris?"

"Only one way occurs to me just now," he said. "Do you happen to have a miniature or a photograph of your father?"

Emily held out a handsome locket, with a monogram in diamonds, attached to her watch chain. "I have his photograph here," she rejoined, "given to me by my dear old aunt in the days of her prosperity. Shall I show it to Mrs. Rook?"

"Yes, if she happens, by good luck, to offer you an opportunity. In any other case (unless I am completely mistaken in the impression which she has produced on me) you might only encourage her to deceive you."

Impatient to try the experiment, Emily rose as he spoke. "I mustn't keep Mrs. Rook waiting," she said.

Alban stopped her on the point of leaving him. The confusion and hesitation which she had already noticed began to show themselves in his manner once more.

"Miss Emily, may I ask a favor before you go? I am only one of the masters employed in the school; but I don't think—let me say, I hope I am not guilty of presumption—if I offer to be of some small service to one of my pupils—"

There his embarrassment mastered him. He despised himself not only for yielding to his own weakness, but for faltering like a fool in the expression of a simple request. The next words died away on his lips.

This time Emily understood him.

The subtle penetration which had long since led her to the discovery of his secret—overpowered, thus far, by the absorbing interest of the moment—now recovered its activity. In an instant she remembered that Alban's motive for cautioning her, in her coming intercourse with Mrs. Rook, was not the merely friendly motive which might have actuated him in the case of one of the other girls. At the same time her quickness of apprehension warned her not to risk encouraging this persistent lover by betraying any embarrassment on her side. He was evidently anxious to be present (in her interests) at the interview with Mrs. Rook. Why not? His experience of the housekeeper—to say nothing of his experience of the world—might be of the greatest use to her in an emergency. Could he afterward reproach her with cruelly raising false hopes if she accepted his services under circumstances of doubt and difficulty which he had himself been the first to point out? He could do nothing of the sort. Without waiting until he had recovered himself, she answered him (to all appearance) as composedly as if he had spoken to her in the plainest terms.

"After all that you have told me," she said, "I shall indeed feel obliged if you will be present when I see Mrs. Rook."

The eager brightening of his eyes, the flush of happiness that made him look young on a sudden, were signs not to be mistaken. The sooner they were in the presence of a third person (Emily privately concluded), the better it might be for both of them. She led the way rapidly to the house.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. ROOK AND THE LOCKET.

As mistress of a prosperous school, bearing a widely extended reputation, Miss Ladd prided herself on the liberality of her household arrangements. At breakfast and dinner not only the solid comforts but the elegant luxuries of the table were set before the young ladies. "Other schools may, and no doubt do, offer to pupils the affectionate care to which they have been accustomed under the parents' roof," Miss Ladd used to say. "At my school that care extends to their meals, and provides them with a *cuisine* which, I flatter myself, equals the most successful efforts of the cooks at home." Fathers, mothers, and friends, when they paid visits to this excellent lady, brought away with them the most gratifying recollections of her hospitality. The men, in particular, seldom failed to recognize in their hostess the rarest virtue that a single lady can possess—the virtue of putting wine on her table which may be gratefully remembered by her guests the next morning.

An agreeable surprise awaited Mrs. Rook when she entered the house of bountiful Miss Ladd.

Arriving in the character of Sir Jervis Redwood's confidential emissary—intrusted with the care of the most intelligent and most popular pupil in the school—Mrs. Rook found a reception worthy of her pretensions. Luncheon was ready for her in the waiting-room. Detained at the final rehearsals of music and recitation, Miss Ladd was worthily represented by cold chicken and ham, a fruit tart, and a pint decanter of generous sherry. "Your mistress is a perfect lady," Mrs. Rook said to the servant, with a burst of enthusiasm. "I can carve for myself, thank you; and I don't care how long Miss Emily keeps me waiting."

As they ascended the steps leading into the house, Alban asked Emily if he might look again at her locket.

"Shall I open it for you?" she suggested.

"No; I only want to look at the outside of it."

He examined the side on which the monogram appeared, inlaid with diamonds. An inscription was engraved beneath.

"May I read it?" he said.

"Certainly."

The inscription ran thus: "In loving memory of my father. Died 30th September, 1877."

"Can you arrange the locket," Alban asked, "so that the side on which the diamonds appear hangs outward?"

She understood him. The diamonds might attract Mrs. Rook's notice; and, in that case, she might ask to see the locket of her own accord. "You are beginning to be of use to me already," Emily said, as they turned into the corridor which led to the waiting-room.

They found Sir Jervis's housekeeper luxuriously recumbent in the easiest chair in the room.

Of the eatable part of the lunch some relics were yet left. In the pint decanter of sherry not a drop remained. The genial influence of the wine (hastened by the hot weather) was visible in Mrs. Rook's flushed face and in a special development of her ugly smile. Her widening lips stretched to new lengths; and the white upper line of her eyeballs was more freely and horribly visible than ever.

"And this is the dear young lady?" she said, lifting her hands in overacted admiration. At the first greetings Alban perceived that the impression produced was, in Emily's case as in his case, instantly unfavorable.

The servant came in to clear the table. Emily stepped aside for a minute to give some directions about her luggage. In that interval Mrs. Rook's cunning little eyes turned on Alban with an expression of malicious scrutiny.

"You were walking the other way," she whispered, "when I met you." She stopped, and glanced over her shoulder at Emily. "I see what attraction has brought you back to the school. Steal your way into that poor little fool's heart, and then make her miserable for the rest of her life!—No need, miss, to hurry," she said, shifting the polite side of her toward Emily, who returned at the moment. "The visits of the trains to your station here are like the visits of the angels described by the poet, 'few and far between.' Please excuse the quotation. You wouldn't think it to look at me—I'm a great reader."

"Is it a long journey to Sir Jervis Redwood's house?" Emily asked, at a loss what else to say to a woman who was already becoming unendurable to her.

Mrs. Rook looked at the journey from an oppressively cheerful point of view.

"Oh, Miss Emily, you sha'n't feel the time hang heavy in my company. I can converse on a variety of topics, and if there is one thing more than another that I like, it's amusing a pretty young lady. You think me a strange creature, don't you? It's only my high spirits. Nothing strange about me, unless it's my queer Christian name. You look a little dull, my dear. Shall I begin amusing you before we are on the railway? Shall I tell you how I came by my queer name?"

Thus far Alban had controlled himself. This last specimen of the housekeeper's audacious familiarity reached the limits of his endurance.

"We don't care to know how you came by your name," he said.

"Rude," Mrs. Rook remarked, composedly. "But nothing surprises me coming from a man."

She turned to Emily. "My father and mother were a wicked married couple," she continued, "before I was born. They 'got religion,' as the saying is, at a Methodist meeting in a field. When I came into the world—I don't know how you feel, miss; I protest against being brought into the world without asking my leave first—my mother was determined to dedicate me to piety before I was out of my long clothes. What name do you suppose she had me christened by? She chose it, or made it, herself—the name of 'Righteous'—Righteous Rook! Was there ever a poor baby degraded by such a ridiculous name before? It's needless to say when I write letters I sign R. Rook, and leave people to think it's Rosamond, or Rosabelle, or something sweetly pretty of that kind. You should have seen my husband's face when he first heard that his sweetheart's name was 'Righteous.' He was on the point of kissing me, and he stopped. I dare say he felt sick. Perfectly natural under the circumstances."

Alban tried to stop her again. "What time does the train go?" he asked.

Emily entreated him to restrain himself, by a look. Mrs. Rook was still too inveterately amiable to take offense. She opened her travelling bag briskly, and placed a railway guide in Alban's hands.

"I've heard that the women do the men's work in foreign parts," she said. "But this is England, and I am an English woman. Find out when the train goes, my dear sir, for yourself."

Alban at once consulted the guide. If there proved to be no immediate need of starting for the station, he was determined that Emily should not be condemned to pass the interval in the housekeeper's company. In the mean time Mrs. Rook was as eager as ever to show her dear young lady what an amusing companion she could be.

"Talking of husbands," she resumed, "don't make the mistake, my dear, that I committed. Beware of letting anybody persuade you to marry an old man. Mr. Rook is old enough to be my father. I bear with him. Of course I bear with him. At the same time, I have not (as the poet says) 'passed through the ordeal unscathed.' My spirit—I have long since ceased to believe in anything of the sort; I only use the word for want of a better—my spirit, I say, has become imbittered. I was once a pious young woman; I do assure you I was nearly as good as my name. Don't let me shock you; I have lost faith and hope; I have become—what's the last new name for a freethinker? Oh, I keep up with the times, thanks to old Miss Redwood! She takes in the newspapers, and makes me read them to her. What *is* the new name? Something ending in ic. Bombastic? No. Agnostic?—that's it! I have become an Agnostic. The inevitable result of marrying an old man; if there's any blame, it rests on my husband."

"There's more than an hour yet before the train starts," Alban interposed. "I am sure, Miss Emily, you would find it pleasanter to wait in the garden."

"Not at all a bad notion," Mrs. Rook declared. "Here's a man who can make himself useful, for once. Let's go into the garden."

She rose, and led the way to the door. Alban seized the opportunity of whispering to Emily.

"Did you notice the empty decanter when we first came in? That horrid woman is drunk."

Emily pointed significantly to the locket. "Don't let her go! The garden will distract her attention; keep her near me here."

Mrs. Rook gayly opened the door. "Take me to the flower beds," she said. "I believe in nothing—but I adore flowers."

"You'll find it too hot in the garden," Alban said, roughly.

Mrs. Rook waited at the door, with her eye on Emily. "What do *you* say, miss?"

"I think we shall be more comfortable if we stay where we are."

"Whatever pleases you, my dear, pleases me." With this reply, the compliant housekeeper—as amiable as ever on the surface—returned to her chair.

Would she notice the locket as she sat down? Emily turned toward the window, so as to let the light fall on the diamonds.

No; Mrs. Rook was absorbed, at the moment, in her own reflections. Miss Emily having prevented her from seeing the garden, she was maliciously bent on disappointing Miss Emily in return. Sir Jervis's secretary (being young) took a hopeful view, no doubt, of her future prospects. Mrs. Rook decided on darkening that view in a mischievously suggestive manner peculiar to herself.

"You will naturally feel some curiosity about your new home," she began, "and I haven't said a word about it yet. How very thoughtless of me! Inside and out, dear Miss Emily, our house is just a little dull. I say *our* house, and why not, when the management of it is all thrown on me? We are built of stone, and we are much too long, and not half high enough. Our situation is on the coldest side of the county, away in the west. We are close to the Cheviot Hills; and if you fancy there is anything to see when you look out of window, except sheep, you will find yourself wofully mistaken. As for walks, if you go out on one side of the house you may or may not be gored by cattle. On the other side, if the darkness overtakes you, you may or may not tumble down a deserted lead mine. But the company inside the house makes amends for it all," Mrs. Rook proceeded, enjoying the expression of dismay which was beginning to show itself on Emily's face. "Plenty of excitement for you, my dear, in our small family. Sir Jervis will introduce you to plaster casts of hideous Indian idols; he will keep you writing for him, without mercy, from morning to night; and when he does let you go, old Miss Redwood will find she can't sleep, and will send for the pretty young lady secretary to read to her. My husband, I am sure, you will like. He is a respectable man, and bears the highest character. Next to the idols, he's the most hideous object in the house. If you are good enough to encourage him, I don't say that he won't amuse you; he will tell you, for instance, he never in his life hated any human being as he hates his wife. By-the-way, I must not forget—in the interests of truth, you know—to mention one drawback that does exist in our domestic circle. One of these days we shall have our brains blown out or our throats cut. Sir Jervis's mother left him ten thousand pounds' worth of precious stones, all contained in a little cabinet with drawers. He won't let the banker take care of his jewels; he won't sell them; he won't even wear one of the rings on his finger, or one of the pins at his breast. He keeps the cabinet on his dressing-room table, and he says, 'I like to gloat over my jewels every night before I go to bed.' Ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and what not, at the mercy of the first robber who happens to hear of them! Oh, my dear, he would have no choice, I do assure you, but to use his pistols. We shouldn't quietly submit to be robbed. Sir Jervis inherits the spirit of his ancestors. My husband has the temper of a gamecock. I myself, in defense of the property of my employers, am capable of becoming a perfect fiend. And we none of us understand the use of fire-arms."

While she was in full enjoyment of this last aggravation of the horrors of the prospect, Emily tried another change of position, and this time with success. Greedy admiration suddenly opened Mrs. Rook's little eyes to their utmost width. "My heart alive, miss! what do I see at your watch chain? How they sparkle! Might I ask for a closer view?"

Emily's fingers trembled, but she succeeded in detaching the locket from the chain. Alban handed it to Mrs. Rook.

She began by admiring the diamonds, with a certain reserve. "Nothing like so large as Sir

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

Jervis's diamonds, but choice specimens, no doubt. Might I ask what the value—"

She stopped. The inscription had attracted her notice; she began to read it aloud: "In loving memory of my father. Died—"

Her face instantly became rigid. The next words were suspended on her lips.

Alban seized the chance of making her betray herself, under pretense of helping her. "Perhaps you find the figures not easy to read," he said. "The date is 'thirtieth September, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven'—nearly four years since."

Not a word, not a movement, escaped Mrs. Rook. She held the locket before her as she had held it from the first.

Alban looked at Emily. Her eyes were riveted on the housekeeper; she was barely capable of preserving the appearance of composure. Seeing the necessity of acting for her, he at once said the words which she was unable to say for herself.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Rook, you would like to look at the portrait?" he suggested. "Shall I open the locket for you?"

Without speaking, without looking up, she handed the locket to Alban.

He opened it, and offered it to her. She neither accepted nor refused it; her hands remained hanging over the arms of the chair. He put the locket on her lap.

The portrait produced no marked effect on Mrs. Rook. Had the date prepared her to see it? She sat looking at it, still without moving, still without saying a word. Alban had no mercy on her. "That is the portrait of Miss Emily's father," he said. "Does it represent the same Mr. Brown whom you had in your mind when you asked me if Miss Emily's father was still living?"

That question roused her. She looked up on the instant; she answered, loudly and insolently, "No!"

"And yet," Alban persisted, "you broke down in reading the inscription; and considering what a talkative woman you are, the portrait has had a strange effect on you, to say the least of it."

She eyed him steadily while he was speaking, and turned to Emily when he had done. "You mentioned the heat just now, miss. The heat has overcome me; I shall soon get right again."

The insolent futility of that excuse irritated Emily into answering her. "You will get right again perhaps all the sooner," she said, "if we trouble you with no more questions, and leave you to recover by yourself."

The first change of expression which relaxed the iron tensity of the housekeeper's face showed itself when she heard that reply. At last there was a feeling in Mrs. Rook which openly declared itself—a feeling of impatience to see Alban and Emily leave the room.

They left her, without a word more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GLASS-BLOWERS' STRIKE.

The strike of the glass-blowers in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is one of the most obstinate, and to the outside observer one of the most inexplicable, of all those that have occurred in this country in many years. The industry, though not so extensive as some, is nevertheless one of great importance to the busy city in which it has its main seat, and the men who are employed in it are reputed to be of a higher grade of intelligence than those in most of the other trades. Their work is carefully classified, and the men are paid by a somewhat complicated system, but one with which the operatives themselves have had a good deal to do. The workmen have long possessed a thorough organization, which, on the whole, has been conducted with judgment and fairness. The trades-union early took root among them, and they have been more than usually successful in securing leaders of energy and ability. When, therefore, the manufacturers determined that they would be required to make a reduction, they knew that they would have to count upon a very firm resistance, and they seem to have taken their steps accordingly.

The progress of the glass manufacture in the United States has been very rapid since the war. When the high taxes necessary to raise revenue during the war were imposed, this, among other manufactures, was heavily burdened with internal taxes, direct and indirect. But still higher import duties were also imposed, and these have been steadily continued. The rapid increase of population, as well as the greater comfort and luxury which were introduced in the times of inflation, increased the demand for all sorts of glass, and the manufacture throve under the fostering influence of legislation which, though it did not prevent importation, left a large margin of profit to the home producers. New machinery and new methods, together with discoveries of considerable importance in the handling of material, tended to economize labor, to reduce cost, and to extend consumption. The result has been that in all the ordinary grades of glass the American manufacturers have had full employment for their plant.

There were some changes in the direction of reduced duties made by the law which went into operation on the 18th of July, 1883, and though there was little substantial reason to anticipate any serious effect from these changes, the manufacturers made them the occasion, in connection with the general depression in business, for a reduction in wages, as well as for some modification of their relations with their employés. These were promptly rejected by the latter, and so commenced the long strike, which at the present writing seems to be as far from any conclusion as ever.

The President of the Glass-blowers' Union, Mr. **Kline**, who has been very pronounced in his support of the strike, and who has encountered some opposition, has just been re-elected, and with this the last probability of any serious dissension among the workmen apparently vanishes. There have been numerous conferences between the representatives of the men and their employers, commencing in October last; but at the latest, held on Christmas-eve, all propositions for a compromise failed, and the new year opens with no prospect of a settlement. It is now declared on both sides to be a question of endurance, and the men have certainly shown a liberal capacity for that. The manufacturers have, however, on their part, resorted to extreme measures. While their works have been idle they have filled their orders with imported glass, and are now reported to have made arrangements for a supply from Belgium for a long period. Meanwhile, it is to be remarked that though there has been a very strong feeling engendered, especially among the workmen, there has been no serious disorder.

Probably the most interesting feature of the matter for the general public is the avowed change which has taken place in the opinion of the manufacturers regarding the tariff. One of the most prominent of these declared a short time since that he and a great many of his associates were convinced that high and complex duties on imported glass, such as have been in existence now for many years, were a mistake, and that in their trade at least "protection had ceased to protect." The probability is that this trade, like many others, under the influence of legislative stimulation and the consequent domestic competition, has reached a point where it can, with a fair prospect of profit, enter foreign markets. If this is really the case, any change in the tariff which should reduce the cost of living and tend to more active foreign trade would aid the export traffic. It would be an instance where protection had worked out the results expected of it, and developed an "infant" industry into an adult and independent existence.

WILLIAM R. MORRISON.

The new chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means is the Hon. **William R. Morrison**, of Illinois, a farmer's son, a lawyer, a soldier, a statesman, and a native of his State. In the Mexican war he fought as a private in a regiment of Illinois Volunteers; in the war for the Union, as Colonel of the Forty-ninth Illinois Infantry. Being severely wounded at Fort Donelson, he accepted an election to Congress while still on the field of battle. He has been re-elected a number of times since, and is one of the fathers of the House.

Mr. **Morrison**'s associates on the Committee of Ways and Means are Messrs. **Mills** of Texas, **Blount** of Georgia, **Blackburn** of Kentucky, **Hewitt** of New York, **Herbert** of Alabama, **Hurd** of Ohio, **Jones** of Arkansas, **Kelley** of Pennsylvania, **Kasson** of Iowa, **McKinley** of Ohio, **Hiscock** of New York, and **Russell** of Massachusetts.

PRESIDENT McCARTHY.

Senator Dennis McCarthy, of Syracuse, was chosen President *pro tem.* of the New York Senate on the 1st of January by a unanimous vote, the Democratic minority having decided not to cast their votes for Senator **Jacobs**, the nominee of their caucus. In a pleasant speech the new President thanked the Senate for the honor of his election, and promised so to conduct himself that their course should not be regretted.

PERFORMING FLEAS.

A correspondent writing from Dantzic says: There was a fair going on outside the gates of this most picturesque old city. Wandering among the booths, our curiosity was excited by one which bore the following inscription: "Pariser Floh-Theater." Tempted by a man who told us the performance was "just about to begin," we accepted the tickets he almost thrust into our hands, and crossed the threshold of the tent. There was certainly no reason for delay, as we found, somewhat to our embarrassment, that we constituted the whole of the audience. But as the famous flea theatre was about the size of an ordinary tambourine (which instrument it greatly resembled), we should scarcely have had so good a view of the performance if the spectators had been more numerous. Taking our seats, as directed, about a small round table, we looked with interest at certain card-board boxes which stood beside the theatre. One of these was open, and showed a number of tiny vehicles, carriages, bicycles, engines, Roman chariots, all as minute as possible. The other boxes, with lids, contained the actors themselves.

The enterprising manageress, a stout lady in a cotton dressing-gown, placed herself opposite, at the table, and prefaced the entertainment with a short but interesting address. "The ordinary domestic flea," she began, "is a creature of considerable intelligence, and capable of a high degree of intellectual cultivation. We have no less than three hundred in this establishment. They are not hungry," she added, hastily, in answer to some slight expression of anxiety that doubtless portrayed itself on our countenances. "I engage a man to come every day and feed them. He bares his arm, the three hundred are placed thereon, and they suck until they are satisfied." Our immediate apprehensions thus allayed, the lady proceeded to explain that the first process in the great work of taming and educating a flea was to fasten an invisible gold thread around its neck, by means of which it could be lifted at pleasure or harnessed to any of the vehicles displayed in the box before us. A well-nurtured specimen will often live to the age of eight years; and with evident pride she remarked, "We have several among our troupe who are already six years old," and so saying, she handed us a powerful microscope, and gratified us by the sight of one of these venerable fleas (magnified to the size of a wasp), kicking and plunging violently, in no wise impeded by the weight of its golden collar.

The entertainment began with a chariot race by fleas of various nations. The Russian was attached to its native drosky, the Siberian to a sledge. England, France, and Germany had each its representative, the former harnessed, I think, to a common London omnibus. Each competitor was supposed to be able to draw a body of six times its own weight. The stage was slightly tilted, however, in order to assist the runners. I regret I am unable to give you the exact result of the race, which would doubtless be of intense interest to your sporting friends, but the start could not altogether be considered satisfactory. The English steed went off at a steady trot, without waiting for anybody else. The German lay down to have a nap by the way, and most of the others bolted off the course. This being over, the lady resumed her lecture. "It is not every flea," we were informed, "that is gifted with the power of saltation. So far we had seen only, as it were, the beasts of burden—docile insects, indeed, but with no other special accomplishment. Now we were to be treated to a ballet as danced by some really superior artistes." So saying she opened one of the card-board boxes, and extracted thence with a delicate pair of pincers a dozen of dancing fleas, each elegantly attired in—or rather, I should perhaps say, covered by—a petticoat of tissue-paper, red, blue, green, yellow—all the colors of the rainbow. Each dancer was announced by name as she entered upon the scene—Meess Elizabet, Fraülein Anna, Mamzelle Barbe, etc.—and each and all, encouraged by the voice of their directress, performed the most astonishing evolutions, whirling and hopping, skipping, leaping wildly into the air in a way that was comical to behold. It was as if the minutest of ballet girls had been cut in two at the waist, the lower half performing minus the head and shoulders, or like a Sabbatical dance of fairy lamp-shades bewitched. Now and again, after some unusually prodigious leap, an artist would be upset. Then beneath the gay voluminous skirt the struggling insect was for a moment visible, quickly replaced on its legs, however, by the watchful care of its mistress. Now came act the third, when the interest was supposed to culminate, and with much verbal flourish of trumpets a female rope-dancer was produced, second only in renown to the famous Blondin himself. This young lady's name was Eliza. She lived in a nest of cotton-wool, with one other companion, who was probably in delicate health, as she was not called upon to perform. Eliza not only danced on a rope, but twice traversed an imaginary unfathomable abyss on a nearly invisible wire suspended between two pins. Finally, to conclude the exhibition, the box of cotton-wool was held upside down at a distance of nearly two inches above her head, and at the word of command, "Jetzt, Elisa, springe!" (Now, Eliza, jump!) the intelligent insect sprang with one bound into its warm and cozy nest. We were charged for this entertainment the not immoderate sum of fivepence apiece, and as we walked away, remembering the man who fed and the lady who taught the fleas, we could not but marvel at the variety of ways in which it is possible to earn one's livelihood in this our work-a-day world.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT HOME.

The ruler of the two hundred and fifty millions of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority, and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the Emperor who preceded him on the Dragon Throne. There, says the *North China Herald*, he eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory; there he sleeps on a large Ningpo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold, the same on which the noble-minded Emperors Kang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before. Like one of those living Buddhas who may be seen in a lamasery on the Mongolian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants, and honored as a god. There is this difference, that the respect felt for him is more profound than for them. The seclusion in which he is kept also is far more complete.

The building in which the Emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Ch'ien Ch'ing Mêu in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of state and others enter for an audience at four, five, or six in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the centre of the palace, over half a mile, if they enter by the east or west gate, and when they get on in years they can appreciate the Emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair instead of walking.

The rooms of the Emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan or k'ang, the peculiar institution of North China. The k'angs are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions all have embroidered on them the dragon and the phœnix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are endless in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the Emperor. The rooms are in all thirty yards long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are divided into three separate apartments, the throne-room being the middle one. Folding-doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the centre of each. The upper part of these doors is in open-work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. At the back paper is pasted to admit light to the rooms. The front is ornamented with gilding, sculpture, and varnish of various colors. These doors remain open even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway, which by its weight keeps its place close to the door-posts, and prevents cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of its being made of very thin strips of bamboo. The silk threads used in sewing the strips of bamboo together are of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from the top to the bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. Exit and entrance are effected on each side of these curtains by side doors. Along the whole front of thirty yards there is a covered flight of steps fifteen feet wide. The roof over this rests on two rows of pillars. The pillars shine with fresh vermilion, both within the rooms and on the steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work, partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo who lately returned from Canton gave the Emperor a present valued at $8000. It consisted of chandeliers holding five hundred wax candles each. His Majesty has also some electrical machines, and numberless foreign curiosities.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

At last there is somebody to beat the man who engraved the Ten Commandments on a three-cent piece. A Jewish penman in Vienna writes four hundred Hebrew letters on a kernel of wheat, and has written the Jewish prayer for the Austrian imperial family on the edge of a card thin enough to run through the slot in a three-foot gas-burner.

A Boston newspaper notes that only 200 persons crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on foot on a stormy day recently, and adds that in these times of curious and troubled nature people are apt to look out for a solid footing. Outside of Boston, the condition of solidity has been ascribed to the big bridge very generally.

The recent strangely fiery risings and settings of the sun are again said to be due to something. The cause, it is averred, is the disappearance of the sun spots. A still lingering and not unreasonable curiosity might be satisfied by a further confidence telling why this is the cause, and how anybody knows that it is.

A citizen of Colorado has published a series of tables showing the cost and profits of stock-raising in the parks of that State, and makes it out that an investment of $5000 would grow in ten years to $404,134.

The deep bass of the organ ceased suddenly in a church in Lewiston, Maine, when a lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation distinctly to declare, "I don't care one bit; I do want a piano."

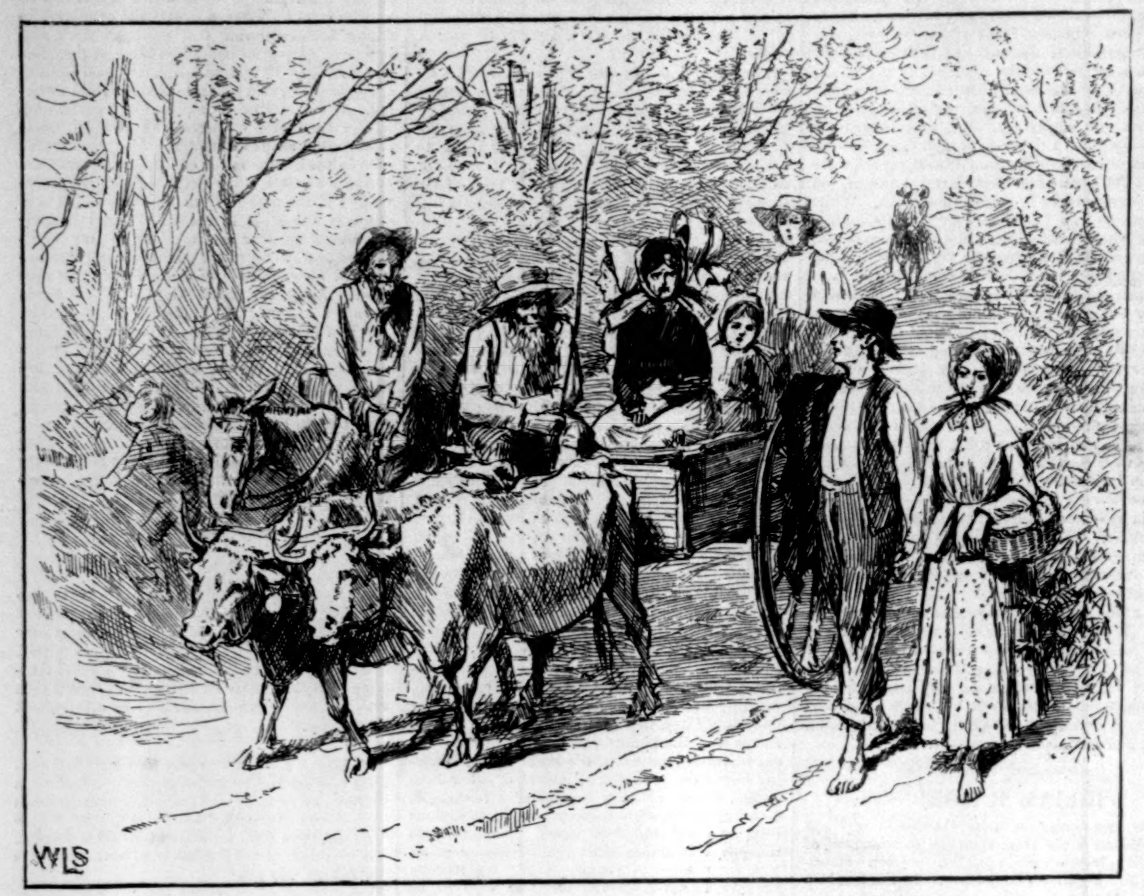
The royalty has been taken for a permanent French theatre to be established in London, where, it is declared, there are more than half a million people able to speak or understand the language of France. There is some talk of the establishment of a Greek theatre in Boston.

It has been estimated in Chicago that $2,000,000 was spent in that town for Christmas presents; "but the tons of candy that were consumed," a leading confectioner declared to a reporter, "I have not attempted to count." What Chicago did at New-Year's has not yet been computed.

A speaker at a recent meeting in Berlin said that the interchange of ideas between America and Germany was rapidly liberalizing the whole German people. The liberalism of England, the speaker declared, was due to the relationship which so closely existed between Great Britain and the United States while England was furnishing the republic with population. England, because she afforded that supply, called herself the mother country, and now that Germany had taken England's place, she ought to succeed to the title. The suggestion was greeted with prolonged applause.

A burglar who has been interviewed for the Boston *Herald* declares that of those whom an "operator" is liable to meet while working in a dwelling-house the most dreaded is a woman. "The women are the hardest to handle," the burglar says, "except a man who wakes up cool and has his weapons handy," and as a man seldom wakes up in this way under the circumstances, the burglar's chief bother remains the woman, whom neither terror nor habit will permit to keep still.

A London waif who was arrested "for wandering in the streets" told to the magistrate a pitiful tale. A benevolent gentleman of Hull read the story in the newspaper, and wrote to say that he would be glad to adopt and educate the boy, and make him heir to a considerable property. Reply was sent that investigation had shown that the lad was lazy, untruthful, and dishonest. The gentleman wrote again to say that he was eager to take any other boy, "well built and about fourteen," on the same conditions, and that "the more destitute he was, the greater the recommendation." The announcement was published in the London newspapers, and the magistrate, who has undertaken to supply the gentleman with what he wants, and who likewise may be called benevolent, has his hands full.



"THE ROAD ALL ALONG WAS ALIVE WITH FOLKS GWINE TO MEETIN'."

THE BIG MEETIN' AT SWINGIN' LIMB.

I PROMISED to tell you about that trip we 'uns all tuck to gran'maw's, so I'll pitch right into it "without proceedin'," as old Brother Cole says.

Gran'maw lives away up Owl Hollow, in the Coosa River Valley, and we 'uns all went to see her—me and maw and pap and Buddy and Cousin Saleny and sister Flurridy Tennysy. We chilluns was all little fellows then, and I never had been nowhars in my life 'cept Talladega town *one* time. Maw she packed us all in the ox-waggin, and pap he driv, and it tuck us upwards of three days to git thar. We camped out two nights on the road. We mought have got thar quicker if we'd had sich mules as Buddy has got now; mules, you know, is so good to keep the road, even if they run away; but we driv old Buck and Brindle (them's our steers). And if you don't know steers, they are sorter like a fice-dog, gwine anywhars; they winds about all over the road, and makes two miles out'n one. Old Brindle in partickler is so headstrong you can't gee-haw him; he puts me in mind of pap when he is tight—never wants to keep the road, gits his legs tangled, and goes "catawampus" here and thar across the road, fust one side and then t'other.

Gran'maw's house is a double log cabin, with a chimbley at each eend and a piazzer betwixt, a loft overhead, and two shed rooms back. It is sot right at the foot of Big Tater Mountain, that is so high it is most dinner-time 'fore the sun has riz, and you wouldn't know when day come if you didn't hear gran'pap a-callin' of his hogs and a-yellin' at the goats. They've got some good river-bottom land that makes 'em a plenty; they raise ever'thing they eat and wear, card and spin and weave their own cloth, and don't git no bought truck 'cept a "leetle grain of sugar and coffee to keep for sickness."

But it's a powerful benighted settlement, gran'maw 'lowed. They was the most idlesome and do-less set over in thar back of her ever she sot eyes on, and was raisin' of the'r chillun like a passel of mountain goats, without any sort of larnin' 'cept devilment. It was summer-time, and Uncle (they call their preachers uncle) Easterwood had gin it out last meetin'-day that they would have pertracted meetin' at Swingin' Limb meetin'-house, to begin on Saturday 'fore the third Sunday in August; craps would be layed by then, and they must all come and fetch dinner, so as to have two sarmonts. The house ain't big enough to hold all the folks big meetin' times, so they made a bush arbor outside, driv down stobs, and laid planks across for benches, and kivered the ground with straw, and lit it up at night with pine light-'ood fires on stands. Uncle Easterwood 'lowed a new preacher named Brother Jeremiah Cole was comin', and he begged everybody to come, and fetch the'r friends and all the'r chillun: he never said nothin' about *dogs*, but they 'peared to take part of the invite to the'rselves. I never seed the like of dogs at meetin' afore in my life; all sorts and sizes, from flop-yeared hounds down to bench-legged fice, and they yelped around all day. Somebody would kick 'em out, and they'd tuck the'r tails and sneak right back through the cracks, and git kicked agin. It's jist in three mile of gran'-pap's, and we 'uns all rid in the waggin. Gran'maw 'lowed she had footed it many and many a time, and toted her Sunday shoes till she got 'most thar, and sot down on a log and put 'em on, and hid her old ones under the log. The road all along was alive with folks gwine to meetin', some in waggins and some beast-back, and them that didn't have the critters to ride was walkin'—gals and boys barefooted, and sweethearts swingin' hands, and most all of the gals had big stick tooth-brushes full of snuff in the'r mouths, and kep' it up in meetin'. We hearn the singin' a mile 'fore we got thar, and as we driv in sight we hearn good old Uncle Easterwood a-linin' out the hime,

"Chil-dring of the heaven-li King,
As ye jour-ni sweet-li sing."

He 'ain't got no book-larnin' much, but gran'pap 'lowed he worked whar the high-larnt ones wouldn't go, and had done a power of good in the poverty low grounds and by-ways and hedges of that settlement; but thar was a heap of stubble and new ground to be broke up yet.

The house was crammed full, men-folks all settin' on one side, and women-folks on t'other. The arbor was full too, and part of the gang was walkin' about under the trees, talkin' and eatin' ginger cakes and apples, and drinkin' water—meetin' folks allers wants water. You could see a string of folks from the arbor to the spring all day, women totin' babies in the'r arms, and jerkin' the two-year-old along by the hand, and it a-squawlin' loud enough to skeer the screech-owls. A passel of bad boys was thar from town to git the'r dinner, and make fun of the crowd. They sot on the bench afore us, with them tore-down Owl Hollow boys, and they whispered, and snickered, and laughed, and chawed and spit terbacker, and whittled on the benches, and writ in the hime-books, and never hearn a word the preacher said. Brother Cole riz to the stand, a tall, high check-boned, lean, lank, hungry-lookin' man, and his clothes fits him about like a sheet fits a bush when it's flung over it to dry. He don't take no text, nor say no Scriptur'; he jist relates tetchin' little sarcumstances that sets the women-folks to shoutin' and the babies all to yellin': and that's what makes pap call it a "*distracted* meetin'."

He tuck his red cotton handkercher out of his hat and wiped the sweat off'n his face, unfastened his shirt collar, and flung off his coat like he was gwine to mall and split rails, cleared his throat, and 'lowed: "Brethering and sistering, you ken see by the way old Blaze out thar is a-pantin' that I've rid a long ways to discourse to you to-day—ar; and as I am belated, I will pitch right in without proceedin'. I thank my stairs my head ain't upsot with no sort of book-larnin'—ar. I don't have to go to the dictionary to git my text—ar. I ain't none of your high-larnt, stuck-up sort—ar. I 'ain't never been to the city of Maine nor the State of New Or-*leens*—ar; and I don't waste my time runnin' atter none of your big rich folks—ar. Why, my beloved brethering, ef *Jay Gold* hisself was in a mile of here, I wouldn't git on my critter to go and see him—ar. Ef he wanted to see me, he'd have to come to me—ar. Brethering, you may not believe it, but I wouldn't turn on my heel to see the Presi*dent* hisself—ar. I thank my stairs I ain't none of your high-larnt here*tics*—ar. Brethering, thar ain't but one kind of ticks I know anything about—ar, and that is *seed ticks*—ar, and ef you don't look out, brethering, you'll git more of 'em right here in these woods—ar, than you ken scratch off in a week—ar. I thank my stairs I don't belong to no denomination—ar. I jined the Primitive Baptists, but they turned me out bekase I refused to wash Brother Quaddlebum's feet—ar; and I'll leave it to any man in the congregation that *knows* Brother Quaddlebum ef I ain't jestifiable—ar; and the man that thinks I ain't I am plum willin' to turn the job over to him—ar." He spit on the floor, and rubbed his foot over it, and preached on louder than ever. Old Miss Cass sot in to shoutin', and that started t'others, and the louder he preached, the louder they shouted, and the louder the babies yelled, and the dogs barked. It skeered the ridin' critters, and some of 'em got loose, and when meetin' broke for dinner I was cryin' turrible, and didn't know it 'tel Saleny 'lows, "Betsy, what ails you?"

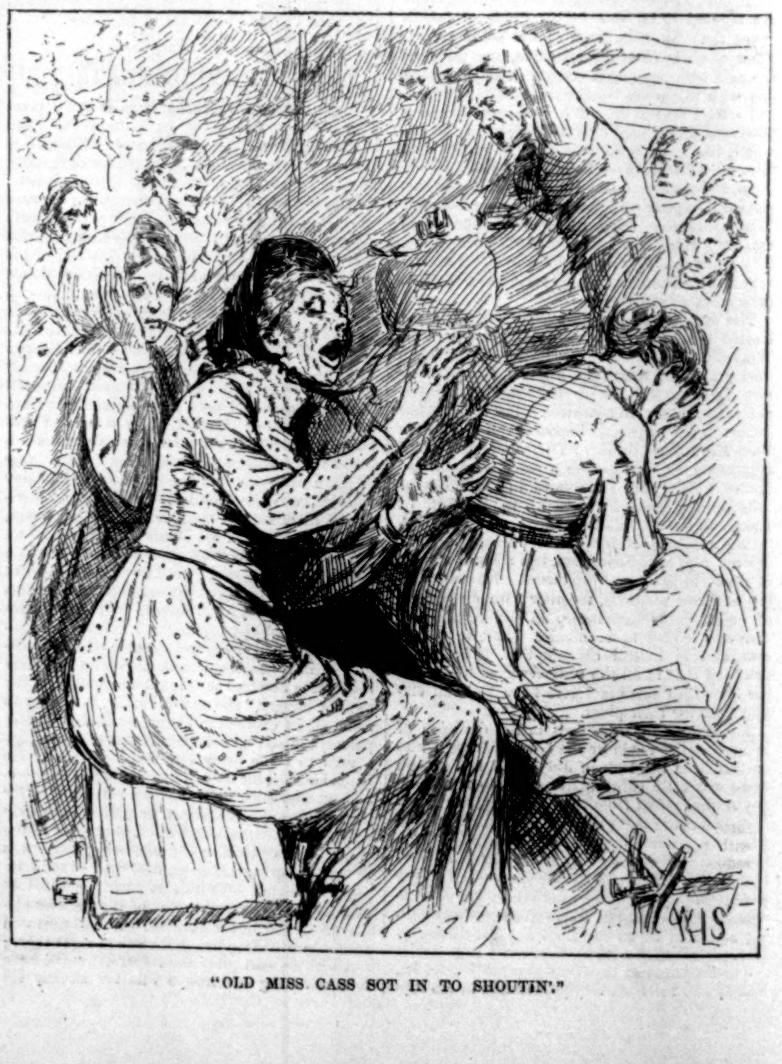
BETSY HAMILTON.

GOING TO CHURCH IN HOLLAND.

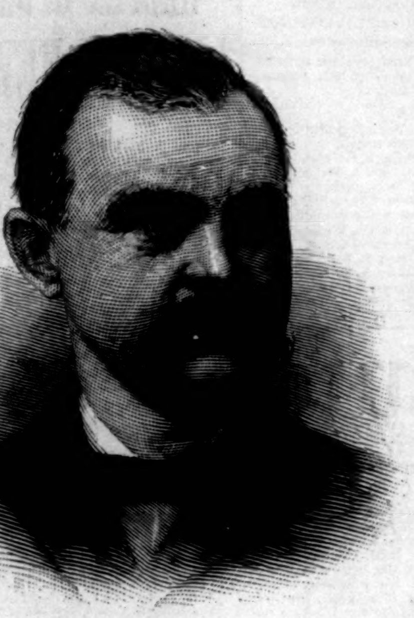
IN Rotterdam there are five Protestant churches in charge of about fifteen clergymen, none of whom, however, usually conduct the service or preach twice in one day in the same place of worship; but each has a sort of roving commission, by virtue of which he officiates at one church in the morning, at a second in the afternoon, and at a third in the evening. Many of these gentlemen differ considerably from each other in their doctrinal views, and each has his supporters among the members of the congregation, whose opinions on religious subjects generally coincide with his own. Every Saturday circulars are sent to the pew-holders, in which are stated the names of the clergymen who will officiate in the different churches of the town, so that each person has the opportunity of listening to the pious counsels of the *dominé* he most appreciates.

While the minister is preaching, the male portion of the congregation wear their hats; but when prayers are being offered, or hymns sung, the head is always uncovered. The Dutch Protestants have no faith in the belief that becausé the Church is devoted to sacred purposes the building itself is holy; and therefore they pay less attention to those reverential observances which are familiar to most people who enter a consecrated edifice. With Roman Catholics, however, this is different. In their places of worship the head is always uncovered, and even when passing by the building in the street the men raise their hats reverentially. It is not the general custom in Holland to pray kneeling. Usually the men stand up, while the women retain their seats, which, as a rule, they do throughout the service.

In the churches, as well as at theatres and concerts, Dutch ladies always use what are called *stoofjes*, on which they place their feet while seated. These are small square wooden boxes, the upper surface perforated with holes, and one side being left open to allow, in winter, an earthen vessel containing red-hot turf to be placed within, so that the heat, ascending through the apertures, communicates an agreeable warmth to the feet. The habit of using footstools of this kind is so general that no house is considered properly furnished without a plentiful supply of them; and it is almost as customary to offer a lady visitor the use of a *stoofje*, on her arrival, as it is to present her with a chair. When, however, it is considered that in Holland open fire grates are rarely met with, and that Dutch stoves are generally closed in front, so that the fire is not visible, it will be readily understood that these footstools are not to be despised. On a week-day several hundreds of these *stoofjes* may be seen, piled one on top of the other, in some obscure corner of the church, until brought out for use on the Sabbath. In some country places old women have their favorite stools, which are supplied with well-polished brass handles, and they carry them in their hands to and from the *kerk* on Sundays.



"OLD MISS CASS SOT IN TO SHOUTIN'."



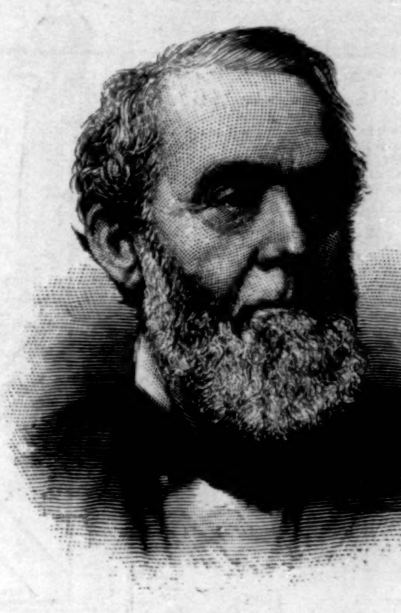
THE HON. TITUS SHEARD.—Phot. by Notman, Albany.

SPEAKER SHEARD.

Mr. Sheard's election to the Speakership at Albany now seems to have been sure ever since the opening of the Speakership contest. As long ago as the 26th of December his friends announced in the press that he had received the promise of a majority of the votes, and he himself freely expressed confidence in the ultimate result, although his principal competitors were men as strong as Messrs. Roosevelt, Littlejohn, and Erwin. He is believed to have had the active support of Senator Warner Miller, and at least the acquiescent support of President Arthur, and thus to have demonstrated that the terms "Half-breed" and "Stalwart" are no longer of significance in the politics of the Empire State. No doubts of his honesty or capacity were expressed, even by his bitterest antagonists, but it was said that no candidate ever succeeded in securing the nomination when his friends for days in advance of the caucus had predicted it with such absolute certainty. Among the most ardent of those friends was Congressman H. G. Burleigh, who, a week before the event, wrote letters declaring that "there is not a shadow of doubt that the Hon. Titus Sheard will be the next Speaker." When at length the caucus met, on the 31st of December, Mr. Sheard was chosen on the first ballot; thirty-seven votes being necessary to an election, he received forty-one out of seventy-two, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (his only remaining competitor), twenty-nine. The next day Mr. Sheard was formally installed in office. "His manners," says a correspondent, "are those of a frank and perfectly honorable man. They create for him a most favorable impression at the very outset of his career. There have been fears expressed that rewards and punishments would be measured out by him to the members according as their preferences were indicated during the closely contested canvass. Arguments of such a character, doubtless, have had their effect upon the weaklings; but those who know Mr. Sheard best vouch for his impartiality."

Having been conducted to the chair by Messrs. Rice and Roosevelt, the new Speaker delivered a brief address in a clear voice. "I do not misconstrue nor magnify," he said, "the functions of the Speaker of this House. You have not elected me to tell you what it is best for you to do on the many matters which are to engross your attention, or how it is best for you to do it. I am put here to preside over your deliberations; to see to it that every member is secured in the rights which belong to each; to enforce your accepted rules of precedence; to maintain order and to expedite the business of the House. You have made me your servant, and on the threshold of my responsibility I shall not forget that it is my duty to see to it that the policies your joint wisdom dictates are carried out. I ask you, gentlemen, for your kindly forbearance if I shall sometimes err, as I know I shall. I ask you for your generous co-operation in my efforts to facilitate the business of the session. I thank you again for your confidence, and await your further pleasure."

Mr. Sheard hails from Herkimer County, and has had considerable experience as a legislator.



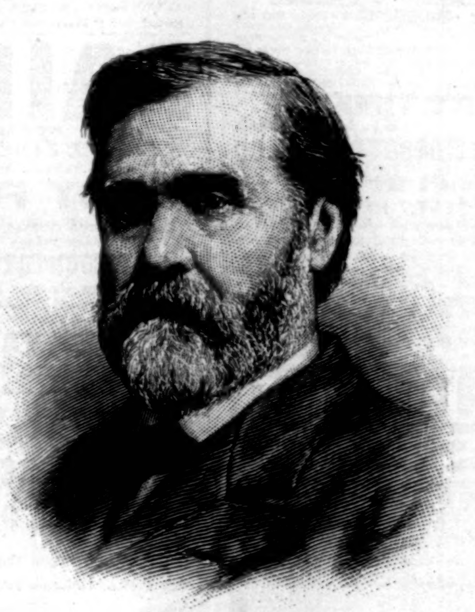
THE HON. DENNIS McCARTHY.
Photographed by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 27.]

THE LATE JOSEPH LONGWORTH.

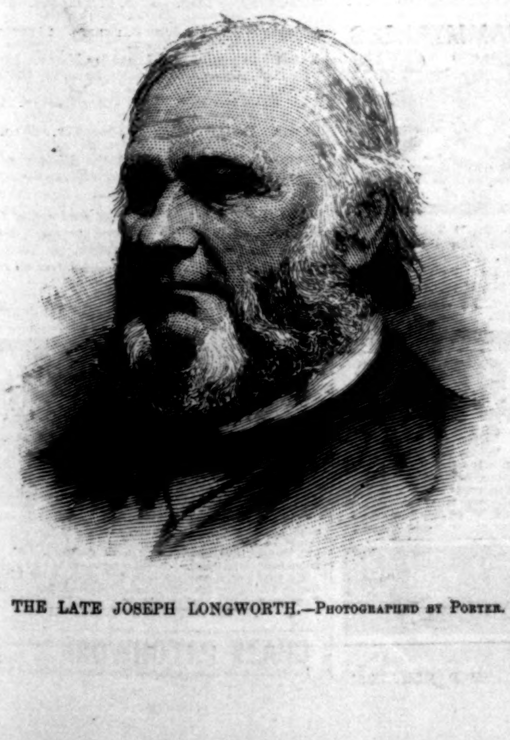
Mr. Joseph Longworth, son of the celebrated Nicholas Longworth, died at his home near Cincinnati, Ohio, at five o'clock on the morning of December 30, in the seventy-first year of his age. He had long been the sole manager of the Longworth estate, and a frequent contributor of funds in aid of the fine arts and of the public charities of the city. He is survived by his widow, his son, Judge Nicholas Longworth, and his daughter, the wife of Colonel George Ward Nichols. His disease was old age.

The death of this gentleman brings again into prominence the romantic career of his father. Nicholas Longworth laid the foundation of his fortune of $15,000,000—it was considered an immense fortune twenty years ago, when he died—by investing in lands in and around Cincinnati the money he saved from his earnings as a lawyer; and on one occasion, after defending a client who had been accused of horse-stealing, he accepted as a fee thirty-three acres of ground which a few years afterward became worth not less than two millions of dollars. In 1850 his taxes were $17,000, the largest sum then paid by any person in the United States except William B. Astor. "Longworth," said one of his contemporaries, "became a rich man by starting upon the calculation that if he could put any individual in the way of making a dollar for Longworth, and a dollar for himself at the same time, by aiding him with ground for a lot, or by building him a house on it, and if, moreover, he could multiply cases of the kind by hundreds, or perhaps thousands, he would promote his own interests just in the same measure as he was advancing those of others. At the same time he could not be unconscious that while their half was subdivided into small possessions owned by a thousand or more individuals, his half was a vast, a boundless aggregate, since it was the property of one man alone. The event has done justice to his sagacity. Hundreds, if not thousands, in and adjacent to Cincinnati now own houses and lots, and many have become wealthy, who, under a different state of things, would in all probability have lived and died as mere tenants."

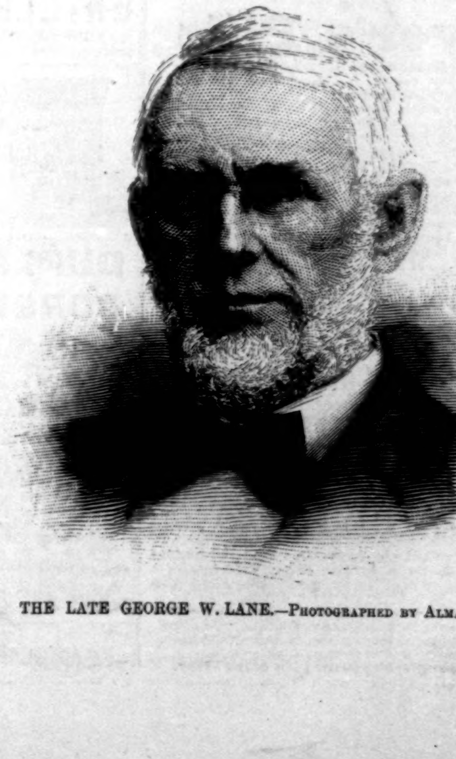
Mr. Longworth was also at the head of the vine culturists of the United States, and the author of numerous essays on wine-making. He discovered and made public certain laws relating to the growth of the strawberry, and wrote an interesting treatise on that plant. He presented his city with four acres of land as a site for an observatory, and when a carping citizen suggested that the gift was due to a desire to benefit his own property, Mr. Longworth offered to assume the entire expense of erecting and furnishing the observatory, if his critic would make a similar donation of four acres. A Cincinnatian who knew him well, described him as a wit and humorist of a high order; keenly sagacious and shrewd in many other than money matters; one who could be exact to a dollar, and liberal when he chose with thousands; of marked peculiarity and tenacity of opinion, and yet tolerant of the opinions of others; a man of great public spirit and sound general judgment. Those who knew his son will not fail to find in these words some reflection of himself also.



THE HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON.
Photographed by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 27.]



THE LATE JOSEPH LONGWORTH.—Photographed by Porter.



THE LATE GEORGE W. LANE.—Photographed by Alman.

THE LATE GEORGE W. LANE.

Mr. George W. Lane, who died of Bright's disease on the 30th of December, was one of the best-known merchants of New York city, being at the time of his death President of the Chamber of Commerce, member of the Aqueduct Commission, director of the Fulton National Bank, of the Merchants' National Bank, and of the Continental Insurance Company, trustee of the Central Trust Company, the Seamen's Savings-Bank, the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and the Sailors' Snug Harbor, President of the Port Society, and of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital. During the Mayoralty of Mr. Havemeyer he held the position of City Chamberlain, and performed its duties with characteristic fidelity, modesty, and discretion.

His mercantile career began at the age of fourteen, when he became a clerk in the store of Bettner & Wright, grocers on Front Street. Not long afterward he won the friendship of Mr. Havemeyer, and through his intervention was made a partner of Mr. David Hustace, in the firm of Hustace & Lane, wholesale grocers. In 1860, after the death of Mr. Hustace and the retirement of Mr. James J. Craig, the firm name was changed to George W. Lane & Co., and in 1863 the business was confined to the importation of teas, at No. 93 Front Street, Messrs. Russell Crane and Morris Woodruff being associate partners.

In the *Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, published recently by the Messrs. Harper, occurs the following paragraph: "George W. Lane was a member of Pearl Hose Company, No. 28, and its treasurer for more than seven years. It was upon his motion that the company resolved to use the first steam fire-engine ever seen in this city. They tried her at the foot of Wall Street, when their hose, being small and old, burst, amid the jeers of a crowd of firemen not particularly friendly to the introduction of steam into the department. Once more they tried her, this time privately, at No. 44 South Street, on a moonlight night, and though the hose burst again, there were no jeers. Mr. Lane's company built the first hose carriage that had springs, having received from the Common Council an appropriation for the purpose; and years afterward it was the practice of the Common Council, when advertising for proposals for new hose-carriages, to insert a provision that the modelling should be like that of the carriage of Pearl Hose Company, No. 28. George W. Lane has done arduous duty many a time on the roofs of burning buildings." Mr. Lane's brother, the late Nathan Lane, the well-known Wall Street stationer, was foreman of the company. In 1864 Mr. Lane was a member of the Firemen's Committee of the great Sanitary Fair in aid of the sick and wounded Union soldiers. "The Fire Department," said Harper's Weekly in April of that year, "occupies the northeastern corner of the main building. The stand is sixty feet in length, and is covered with a canopy of flags reaching to the roof of the building. An ornamental front of exquisite design hangs down to within six feet of the counter. The apex of the front is ornamented with hooks, ladders, brass pipes, lanterns, and hose, arranged in such a manner as to represent the rising sun. This department of the Sanitary Fair is crowded with every variety of rare and costly offerings;" and the net receipts were more than fourteen thousand dollars. "It was the very energy displayed in their subsequent careers," says an old friend of Mr. Lane's, "that sent so many men afterward prominent as New York merchants and financiers, into the Fire Department."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
IN NIGHT-SWEATS AND PROSTRATION.

DR. R. STUDHALTER, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night-sweats, with very good results.—[*Adv.*]

The tobacco of the club-room ought to be of the purest kind and most delicate fragrance. Where many enjoy their pipes or cigarettes together, the air soon becomes heavy and offensive, unless they are very particular about their choice of brands. Gentlemen of refined tastes secure Blackwell's Durham Long Cut.—[*Adv.*]

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The best of all hair-dressings. It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, *thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair.* Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as *cannot be surpassed.* BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.—[*Adv.*]

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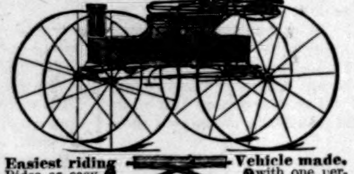

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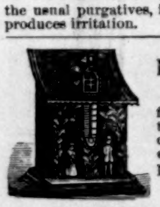

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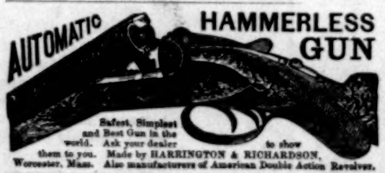

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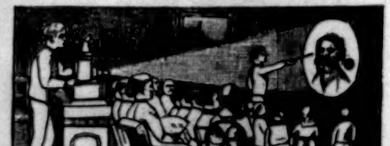

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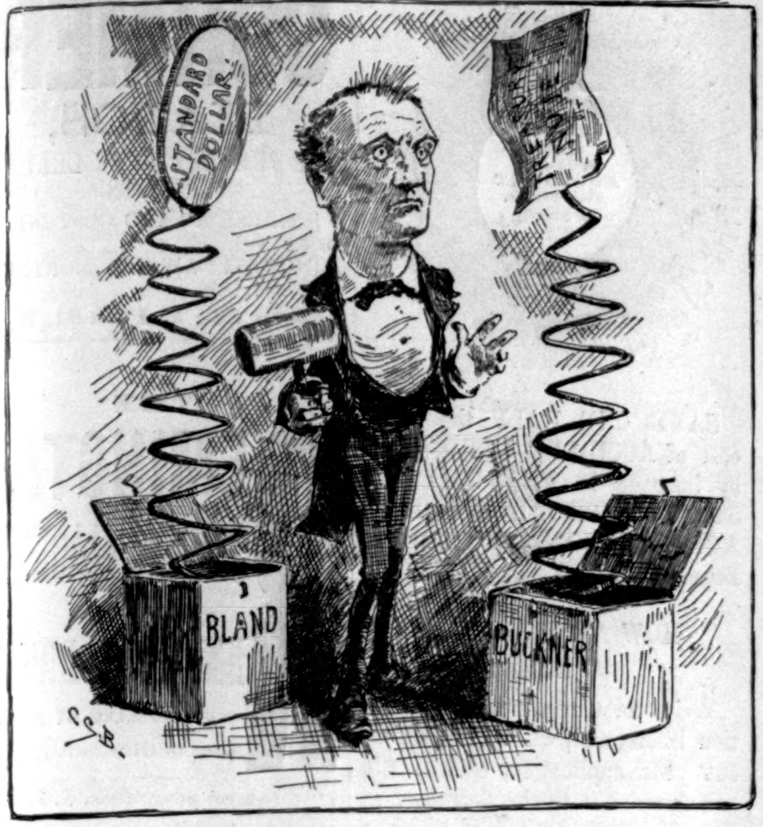

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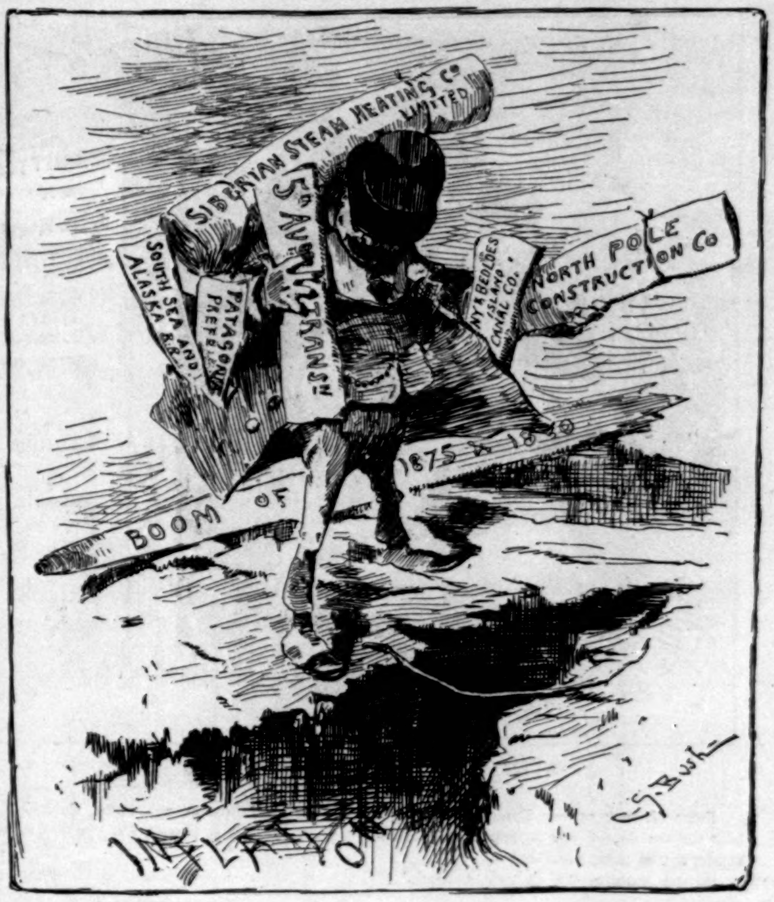
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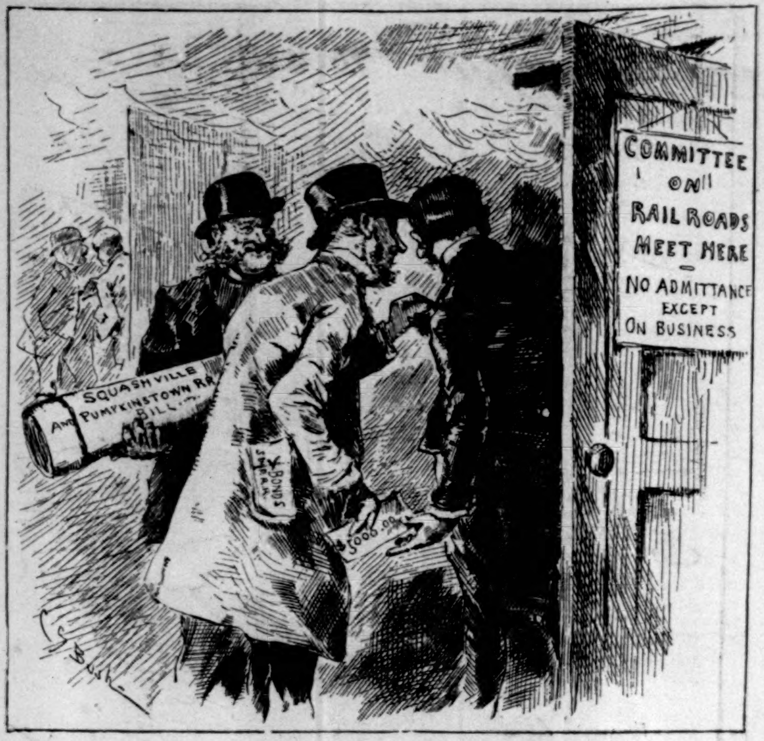
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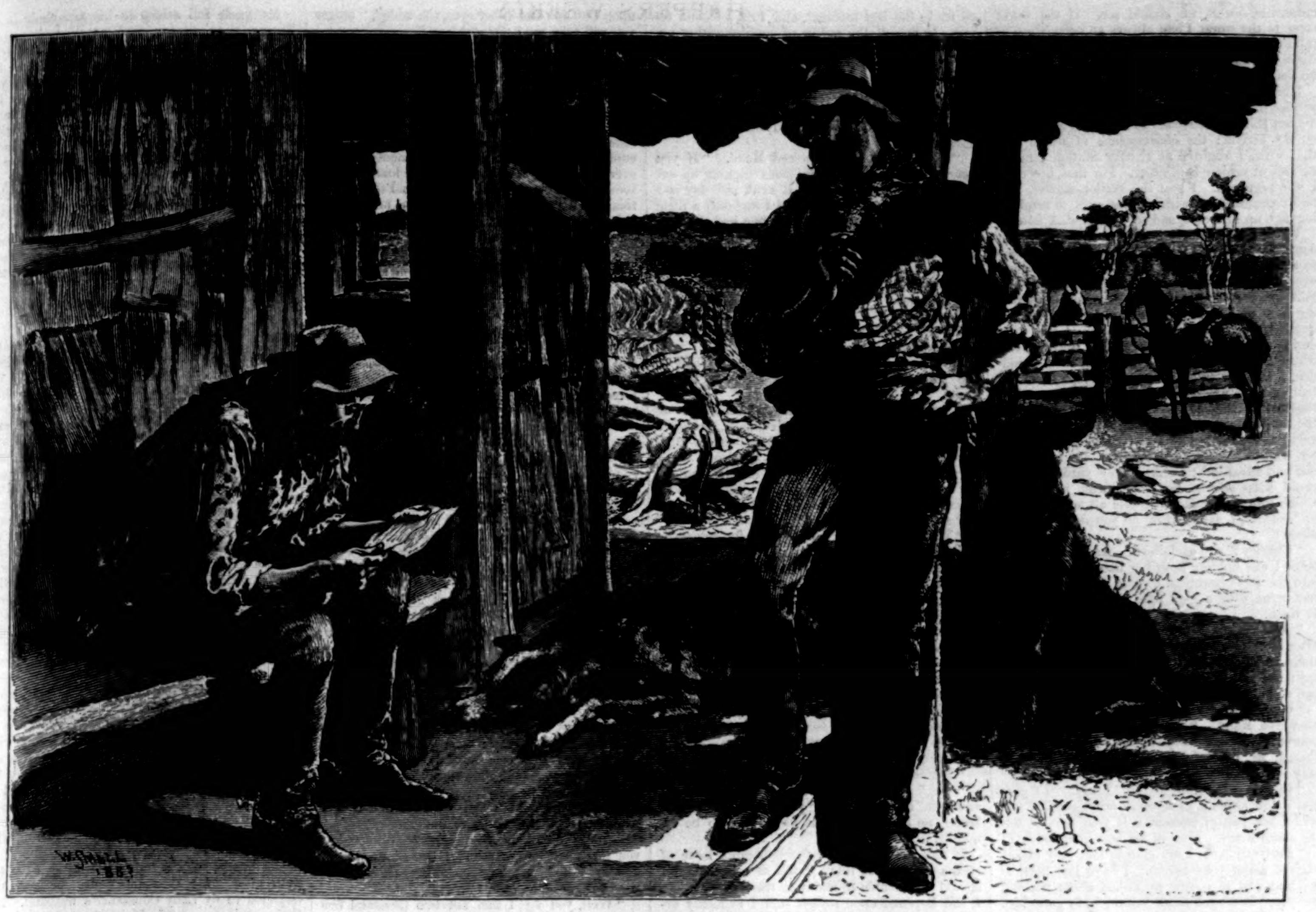

"'WELL, I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE,' GEORGE WOULD REPLY, OPENING AND PERUSING HIS LETTER."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I CHANGE THE SCENE.

GREAT misfortunes are like mortal wounds, in that they seldom cause much suffering at first; and for some time after the destruction of all my hopes I managed to preserve an outward equanimity which was certainly not the result of any exceptional strength of mind. I staid out my month at Thirlby; I pottered about the place with my uncle, as of old; I initiated Jimmy into the rudiments of field sports, listened patiently to the religious disquisitions of Mrs. Farquhar, who had now once more taken me into favor. But I had not been long in London again before the blackness of despair settled down upon me. I found myself without any object in life, with nothing whatever to look forward to, and—as I rather ungratefully imagined—without a single friend. Having few acquaintances in town at that season of the year, and being a great deal alone, I took to brooding over my troubles, and began soon to put to myself some of those pleasant questions to which no answer has ever been discovered, or ever will be until the whole business comes to an end.

Most of us, I suppose, have passed through some such dark periods, and most of us have come out of them with a more or less cheerful acquiescence in the mystery of life, and a conviction that it is, upon the whole, wiser to struggle for existence than to try and find out what existence is, or why it should be struggled for. Unfortunately, the labors of a Foreign Office clerk are hardly severe enough in themselves to exclude "obstinate questionings." I don't mean to say that my speculations were very abstruse, or that I consulted any authorities, philosophical or theological, with a view to gaining more light (though, to be sure, I might have done so and got but scant comfort for my pains); but I reached the point of persuading myself that I had neither hope nor belief, neither duties nor pleasures, in the world; and when a man gets as far as that, ugly conclusions are apt to stare him in the face. My uncle, who knew of the disappointment that I had had, and who must have guessed at my condition of mind from my letters, very wisely and kindly left me alone. No doubt I should have rejected any consolation that he could have offered me; but I well remember how often I accused him in my thoughts of having accepted Jimmy as a wholly efficient substitute for me, and how in this I found an additional argument in favor of cutting short a life which was of no use either to its owner or to anybody else.

It is easy to look back with a smile now upon all this crude temerity; yet it may be remembered that within the space of a few weeks I had been virtually banished from my home, deceived by my friend, and laughed to scorn both by the woman whom I loved, and by her whose good opinion I still greatly prized; and perhaps charitable persons may be disposed to excuse a young fellow who, under such sad circumstances, fancied that the world was a poor place to live in.

I did not, however, attempt to cut my throat or to drown myself in the Thames, nor did I enlist, as I had occasional wild thoughts of doing when the news of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann came successively to brighten the gloom of the winter days. Such remedies were too heroic for one in my state of nerveless despondency, and it is probable that I should have remained where I was from sheer lack of energy to move elsewhere, had not a friendly letter reached me one morning from the other side of the world. George Warren wrote in good spirits, and made only indirect allusions to the cause of his exile. He had already succeeded beyond his anticipations, he said; he liked the life, and, although he did not see his way to realizing immediate wealth, he considered the prospect fair and sure, and only regretted that he had so limited an amount of capital to work upon. "If anything should occur to disgust you with an effete civilization," he concluded, "you could not do better than come out here and join me. I wish you would. The interior of New South Wales hasn't much to boast of in the way of society, it is true; but I could promise you plenty of occupation and some novel experiences."

George can little have suspected, when he penned these careless words, in what sober earnest they would be accepted by the person to whom they were addressed. Occupation and novelty!—were not these the things of which I stood in need? And why, since I was so weary of my present existence, should I not make a fresh start, and begin a new life in a new world? I jumped at the idea. I wrote to my uncle, telling him of the step which I meditated, and received (somewhat to my surprise, I own) a cordial approval of it from him by return of post. It only remained for me to let George know that he might expect me, to retire from the service which I had done so little to adorn, and to purchase such an outfit as my future avocations appeared to require.

These and other preliminaries occupied a good deal of time, and in the carrying out of them my spirits insensibly rose. When the date fixed for my departure grew near, my uncle came up to London to give me, as he said, the benefit of his advice upon the subject of sheep-farming, but in reality, I think, that we might have a few undisturbed days together before we parted. In those few days the cloud which had recently come between us—and which had been of my raising, not his—was finally dispelled. I knew then that his love for me had never diminished, and that there were no troubles of mine which his kind heart did not share. I saw, too—though he never said so—that my going away was a sore trial to the dear old man; but I am afraid it did not occur to me that I might be doing rather a selfish thing in leaving him.

My wish was to embark without paying a farewell visit to Thirlby; but this my uncle would not hear of. "Miss Dennison is away from home," he said, divining the cause of my reluctance; "but the Rector would like to say good-by to you, and so would Bunce—not to speak of my mother and Jimmy. You must be prepared to receive a round scolding from Bunce, who will not be convinced that New South Wales is anything but a penal settlement, and thinks that your going there is nothing short of a stigma upon the family."

However, when the time came, Bunce did not scold me, but only shook his head and looked utterly woe-begone, and couldn't get out a word. And Bunce was not the only old friend whose face made my heart ache that day. I don't know how many kind people came to shake me by the hand and wish me godspeed. If I had had some hard thoughts while I had been alone in London, they were all gone now, and it was only by dint of the most obstinate and unnatural sprightliness that I was able to avoid publicly disgracing myself. My uncle came to the station with me alone, and at the last moment he put his head in at the carriage window, saying, with a break in his voice, "Charley, my boy, you'll come back and see me once before I die, won't you?"

I couldn't answer him, but I nodded; and then the train moved on, and his poor wistful face was lost to me. After all, it is not such an easy matter to say good-by.

I don't think it was before we were well out to sea, and the gray headland of the Lizard was fast fading into mist, that I admitted to myself the loss of one last vague shred of hope. "She had only to say a word," I thought, sadly, "and I would have given up everything. But if she couldn't say it, I suppose it was better that she should stay away."

CHAPTER XL.

HOME AGAIN.

LET not patient readers fear that at this advanced stage of the proceedings they are going to be introduced to sheep-washing and gold-washing, bush-rangers, damper, and blue-gums, or asked to follow the chase of the bounding kangaroo. The endurance of the patient shall not be taxed much further; and, indeed, I have found by experience that there are many persons who do not take an intelligent interest in any of the above subjects. I shall probably give you more satisfaction by dismissing three years in as few sentences as may be, and hastening toward the point at which all curiosity with regard to my career may be supposed to subside.

Those three years were years of tolerably constant physical labor, of some occasional excitement, and of fair prosperity. Circumstances did not compel me to face the hardships which most of those who seek their fortune at the antipodes must be prepared to encounter; yet my experiences were not smooth. They taught me, as they could hardly fail to do, some salutary lessons; and if I returned to my native land, like the oft-quoted Bourbons, having forgotten nothing, I hope I may say that I did not resemble them in having learned nothing.

George Warren received me with as hearty a welcome as I could have desired, but, after listening to my story, did not disguise his conviction that I should be taking my passage home again before the twelvemonth was out. He obstinately refused to believe that Maud's rejection of me was intended to be final, and when I declared that he did not know what he was talking about, reminded me that he had at least understood my feelings upon a former occasion better than I had done myself, and that, having been right in my case, there was a slight presumption in favor of his being right as to hers. Nevertheless, he was compelled, in the sequel, to modify his opinion, and to confess that both Miss Dennison and I were more steadfast than he had imagined us. Maud corresponded with him pretty regularly. Letters from her reached our station every now and again—letters which George always allowed me to read, and which, long and kindly as they were, gave no ground for supposing that the writer regretted what she had done. I well recollect how, as time went on, the sight of an envelope addressed in her handwriting used to make my heart sink, and how I used to exclaim: "Now it has come! She is writing to tell you that she is engaged to some fellow."

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," George would reply, opening and perusing his letter in that exasperatingly deliberate manner of his, while I ground my teeth with impatience; and then, having fully mastered its contents, he would hand it over to me, remarking, with a smile, "Not this time."

He himself seemed to have put entirely away from him the day-dreams in which he had once made bold to indulge, and was disinclined to refer to them. On being pressed, he said, well, he didn't think he should ever fall in love with anybody else, but falling in love was not the only thing that made life worth having. George always took a very moderate view of the share of happiness that was due to him. He was laying by money now, and sending home periodical supplies to replenish the family exchequer. Probably he thought that he was fulfilling his destiny more satisfactorily in this way than by achieving less prosaic successes, and, for aught I know, he may have been right.

As for me, I was without such sources of self-approval; and so, when three long years had passed away, and my uncle had been urging me to pay him a visit, lest (as he said) I should "put off too long," I considered myself fairly entitled to turn away my thoughts from wool for a time. I returned to England with no intention of remaining there (for I had become attached to the free Australian life—perhaps also a little to the prospect of growing rich); but it was not only to see my dear old man again that I undertook the voyage. Three years of constancy must surely count for something, I thought; and she was still unmarried—well, we should see. If the worst came to the worst, I had always an occupation to fall back upon, and a friend to smoke a pipe with when the day's work was done. One must not be too exacting.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

I had been unable to let my uncle know the precise date on which he might expect me, and I did not think it necessary to send him a telegram on my arrival; the consequence of which was that when I alighted at Thirlby Station I found no sort of vehicle in waiting. For that, however, I was prepared. I told the station-master, who had recognized me with a broad grin, to send my luggage up in a cart, and set out to walk home.

When I reached the bridge over the dike that connects Thirlby Broad with Horsey Mere I came to a halt, and remained for a long time leaning over the parapet, and staring at the expanse of still water with that foolish surprise at finding the face of Nature unaltered which one so frequently experiences at such times. I was wondering whether Maud was at the Rectory, and where I should first meet her, when, all of a sudden, I saw her emerge with slow steps from the belt of trees where she and I had often walked together in the old days. She sauntered along the bank, unconscious of being observed, pausing every now and then to kick a stone into the water, while I watched her eagerly. At last, when she had advanced to within a few yards of me, I could keep silence no longer, and, in a voice which trembled a little, despite all my efforts at self-control, I said, "How do you do, Miss Dennison?"

"Charley!" she exclaimed. And the next moment I was holding both her hands, and looking into the most beautiful eyes in the world, which met mine with a glad light of welcome shining in them.

"And are you glad to see me back?" I asked, after we had exchanged the usual hurried questions and replies. It was rather a silly thing to say; but in sophisticated states of society a man can seldom express his thoughts freely.

"Of course I am glad; everybody will be glad," answered Maud. "And I suppose, perhaps, you yourself are not sorry to be at home again; though Mr. Le Marchant says you don't mean to stay long. And now tell me all about Australia."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," I said. "I'll give you a full account of it some other time, if you wish; but just at present it is your part to tell me about home. First of all, how is my uncle?"

"Perfectly well, I am glad to say, only rather excited about your return. I have just been to see him, and of course we talked about nothing but you. Don't you think you ought to go to him at once, Charley?"

"Yes; I will in a minute—or five minutes, perhaps. So you have just been with the old man?"

"Yes; we have become great allies, I must tell you. I have seen a good deal more of him since Mrs. Farquhar's death, and I don't wonder now at your always having been so enthusiastic about him."

"I am very glad you are friends," said I. "Poor old Mrs. Farquhar! I suppose nobody can regret her very much."

"I don't know," said Maud. "Mr. Le Marchant did, I think. She softened down a great deal after—after all that trouble, you know, and latterly I grew almost fond of her myself; though I can't say that I ever understood her."

"And Jimmy?" I asked.

"Jimmy is flourishing. He is at Eton now, you know. In the holidays he sometimes condescends to ride with me, and take me out fishing. He is a little like what you used to be; only—"

"Only not so nice?" I suggested.

"Well, that is a matter of opinion," answered Maud. "Some people might say that he was nicer. He is certainly cleverer."

"But George Warren always maintained that I had great undeveloped talents," I observed.

Then we spoke a little of George and other friends, and by-and-by Maud asked me whether I still kept up my acquaintance with Lady Constance Sotheran; to which I replied that I had not so much as heard her name since the day when I had bidden her farewell in Yorkshire.

"Yet she has become rather notorious," Maud remarked.

"Very likely," answered I; "but her notoriety has not penetrated to the Southern Hemisphere. In what way does it display itself?"

"In all sorts of ways. She entertains on a large scale, of course; but, besides that, she heads endless charities, and takes up out-of-the-way abuses, which she generally contrives to get reformed. It seems that she has the power of making everybody follow her lead, and I believe she does a great deal of good. Last spring I saw her several times in London. She looked very much bored, I thought; but she always did look that, did she not?"

"And what about her husband?"

"Oh, I should think he was supremely contented; at any rate, he ought to be. They say he refused to join the last Ministry because she would not allow him to accept anything less than a seat in the Cabinet. You narrowly escaped having greatness thrust upon you, you see."

I made no reply, and we walked on for some distance in silence. Whether the direction which our steps took was determined by the conscious or unconscious will of either of us, I can not say; but certain it is that we found ourselves eventually upon the brink of that reedy creek which had already been the scene of two memorable interviews between us. For my part, I recognized at the same moment the fact and the impossibility of avoiding some allusion to it. It looked as though Fate had guided me thither; yet I shrank from risking everything upon the very first day of my return. That day at least, I thought, should be unclouded; nay, would it not be far better that all clouds should be averted up to the last moment, and that I should reserve to myself the power of supplementing my failure by a speedy retreat? For doubtless it was more likely than not that I should fail. Moreover, I felt sure that if Maud had had any present thought of relenting, she would not have suffered herself to be led to this especial spot.

Therefore I only said, "So the old punt is gone at last."

"Not quite gone," answered Maud. "If you bend down, you will see its sides sticking up out of the mud under water. It sank one day last winter, to my great regret, and I was only a little consoled by remembering that I had had the luck not to be sitting in it at the time. Bunce absolutely refused to fish it up for me again. He said he was blessed if he'd help me to get the rheumatics by sitting in such plaguy damp places; so since then I have had to make the best of a willow stump."

"Then you do come here sometimes?" said I, interrogatively.

"Very often," she answered. "I am fond of the place. It reminds me of the days of my youth."

I laughed at the implication that the days of her youth were over; but she rejoined, gravely: "I am five-and-twenty, and I feel two-and-fifty. Lives like mine have nothing youthful about them. All my friends are old people, and all my pursuits now are very much what they will be twenty or thirty years hence, if I live so long."

"And you are contented with such a life?"

"Who is altogether contented?" she returned. "Not even Mr. Sotheran, perhaps, if one could probe the secret recesses of his heart. My life suits me well enough. I have grown rather fond of parish work, which I used to hate, and all the people in the village allow me to tyrannize over them now. Even Mrs. Bunce admits that I don't mean any harm, though I can't persuade her to come out of Ebenezer. Every now and then I have a dinner party at the Welbys' or a ball on the other side of the county by way of dissipation, and once or twice a year I go to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Saville, for a time. And so the days go on. They are not bad days, taking them all in all."

"But the old days were better," I suggested.

"Yes," she answered, with a slight hesitation; and then, more briskly—"yes; the old days were better, no doubt. That is why I like to be reminded of my youth."

It was easy to foresee the inevitable issue of such a dialogue as this. I felt so certain that I should not be able to maintain the reserve which I had imposed upon myself that I suddenly determined to throw myself upon my companion's mercy, lest a worse thing should befall me. "Maud," I began, hurriedly, "I have something to say to you; only please don't answer me. Will you promise to give me no answer yet?"

She replied, composedly: "Certainly, if you wish it. But why am I not to be allowed to speak?"

"Because it would spoil everything," I returned. "Because I am going away again soon; because I want to enjoy these few weeks—who knows whether we shall ever have such another quiet time together?—and because I want you and my uncle to enjoy them too. All that would be impossible if I knew at the very outset that you could never care for me. When I went away you told me that I was changeable, and I couldn't contradict you then; but I don't think you can accuse me of being changeable any more. Unhappily, my having loved you so long is no reason for your being able to love me; though perhaps it might entitle me to ask for a short period of probation. It is not a very unreasonable request to make, considering how much I must gain or lose by your decision. I want you, if you will, to grant me this small privilege, and I will engage, on my part, not to mention the subject again until quite the end of the time. I didn't mean to mention it now, only I found it impossible to hold my tongue."

"May I not say one word?" asked Maud.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, vehemently, holding up my hand to stop her; "you mustn't breathe a syllable—you mustn't even give me a look! Don't you see that the slightest sign can only mean yes or no?"

I was, nevertheless, inconsistent enough to interrogate her face anxiously; but I gained little by this incipient breach of contract. Her expression was quite inscrutable, and I had to content myself with the negative encouragement that it did not seem to indicate displeasure. Perhaps, if it indicated anything at all, it was rather a faint degree of amusement than any other emotion.

"Very well," she said at length; "but this makes conversation a little difficult. What are we to talk about now? Suppose you take this opportunity of giving me some of your colonial experiences."

She had apparently forgotten that nearly half an hour before she had urged me to lose no time in seeking out my uncle; but I, for the first time in my life, was anxious to leave her. Her composure did not strike me as a good omen, nor did I feel capable at that moment of doing justice to the attractions of Australian life and scenery. However, to show that I intended to observe my engagement, I did my best to carry out her wishes in a cheerful spirit, and she declared that my rather halting and disconnected descriptions interested her greatly. She had seated herself upon the willow stump already alluded to while I was speaking, and after she had asked a great many questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, she rose, saying:

"Now it is high time for us to depart to our respective homes. Do you know, Charley, I think I should rather like to see Australia."

"Should you?" returned I, absently. "I don't suppose you ever will."

"No, not unless—" Here she paused for a moment; and then, a sudden smile breaking out upon her lips and in her eyes, she added, "unless you will take me back with you."

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Readers of proper feeling will, I trust, appreciate the above row of asterisks. There are occasions upon which all discreet persons instinctively turn their discreet backs, and I shall certainly not narrate in detail what took place immediately after the astonishing speech just recorded had been uttered. I may mention, however, that Maud now avers that she loved me before I ever thought of loving her, and that up to this present time of writing I have never been able to convince her that I was not once very deeply in love with Lady Constance Milner.

I think my uncle was almost as delighted as I was when he heard my good news; though his delight, as was natural, expressed itself more soberly. I was glad that Jimmy was away at school, and that we two were able to have that long happy evening alone together. I look back upon it now with a great tenderness and regret and gratitude. I hear again the sound of the kind, gentle voice that has been so long silent; I recall the quick sympathy, the self-forgetfulness, the generosity, which made my old man father and friend to me, and I ask myself how I can ever have had the folly and temerity to be a pessimist. The average excellence of humanity is not increased because one insignificant unit has been fortunate enough to spend the greater part of his life with good people; but the judgment of that fortunate unit must perforce be affected thereby; and if, at this time of day, I am inclined to think too well of my fellow-creatures, I can but apologize respectfully for the weakness.

Before we went to bed that night, my uncle said he had a wedding present for Miss Maud which he might as well hand over into my care; and then, unlocking the safe which stood in a corner of his study, he took out an old leather-covered box, the aspect of which was familiar to me.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed; "how did you get hold of my mother's diamonds?"

"By right of purchase," answered my uncle, smiling. "Jacobson was scandalized at the idea of your parting with family jewels—indeed, I am not at all sure that he didn't suspect you of stealing them—and he very properly wrote off post-haste to tell me what had occurred, and to ask whether I had any wishes in the matter."

"And you bought them back! Why didn't you tell me? Oh, surely," I exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon me, "that was not why you sold Deepham Farm?"

"Well, you see, I had not two thousand five hundred pounds by me," replied my uncle, "and it seemed a pity that the jewels should be lost. But you need not distress yourself about the land. Jimmy will never miss it, and Sir Digby not only gave me more than it was worth, but was so pleased with his bargain that he has not ceased chuckling over it yet."

"But Lady Constance— I mean I got back the two thousand five hundred pounds," said I; "and I might have bought the diamonds again myself; only somehow I thought I should never want them."

"Ah, I was more provident," remarked my uncle. "It seemed to me to be within the bounds of possibility that you might some day have a wife; so I prepared myself for that emergency. And now I want you to find out whether Maud likes the old-fashioned settings, or whether she would prefer to have the stones re-arranged."

I was beginning to thank him; but he would not allow me to do that, saying that his present was to my bride, not to me, and that, in his opinion, I should always be his creditor.

He never alluded again to the fact that I was no longer heir to Thirlby; but he tried in many ways to make up to me—not for an injustice; it was not that, or it would never have been committed by him—but for what some might consider a stroke of ill fortune. By how much I was his debtor, instead of his creditor, no one except myself, perhaps, can rightly judge. During the last few months that I was with him I may have expressed a part of the gratitude that I felt, and I know that I often said more than he wished me to say; but alas! of the gratitude which expresses itself in actions, not in words, I fear I was less profuse. I had set my heart upon returning to Australia; I dreaded the inactive life of home; I may even, without acknowledging it to myself, have dreaded a little the prospect of seeing another man grow up to the inheritance which was once to have been mine. And though the Rector urged me strongly to settle down in Norfolk among my own belongings, I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and my uncle would not say a word to second them.

As for Maud, she inaugurated then a system from which she has never since departed, and which she never fails to condemn when she sees it in operation elsewhere. I very much doubt whether she had any desire at all to see New South Wales; but I am afraid that even now, if I were to tell her that I had a fancy for ending my days in Greenland, she would set about buying furs and laying in stores of tallow with an air of cheerful anticipation.

So, when the time came, she and I embarked together, telling those whom we were leaving, and whom we never saw again, that we should certainly return ere long.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WIND-UP.

My wife and I went out to Australia for two or three years, and have returned at last, after an absence of a quarter of a century. The pursuit of wealth, some vicissitudes of fortune, family cares, and, finally, the severance of all home ties, combined to detain us in the land of our adoption until we were able to leave it for good.

My uncle fell asleep in his arm-chair in the library one evening, and never woke again. When morning came, and they found him lying back there with a smile upon his face, he had been dead some hours. And in the same year the Rector followed his old friend, scarcely less suddenly and peacefully. This last sad news reached us just as we were making preparations for a visit to Europe, and caused us to abandon our intention. My wife, who had been growing restless and anxious to see her father again, did not care to undertake the voyage after the chief object of it had been removed; and if her loss cost her many hours of unhappiness, she was careful to conceal them from me, lest I should reproach myself more than I had already done, and to dry her eyes whenever she thought that I was looking at her.

> "Untouched with any shade of years
> May those kind eyes forever dwell!"

May the light of faith, of hope, of charity, that is in them remain undimmed until they close at last!

My partnership with George Warren was dissolved almost immediately after I rejoined him. I don't know whether he found it more difficult than he had expected to live in close proximity to Maud; but I can hardly believe that his anxiety to try his fortune in Victoria was prompted solely by that greed for gold to which he himself ascribed it. Be that as it may, he departed for the younger colony, and we did not see him again until he returned to sheep-farming in New-South Wales, bringing with him a wife whose many admirable qualities must have enabled him to look back without regret upon the disappointments of former years. George made money somewhat more rapidly than I did, and has now been for a long time settled at Hailsham, in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, the bliss of paternity, and a mind conscious of rectitude.

I am told that Lady Constance Sotheran is seldom seen in London society nowadays. Some years ago, when a certain celebrated patriot visited England, she took him under her especial protection, giving balls in his honor, at which he appeared in a remarkable costume, and driving him about the streets in her carriage to the admiration of the British public. But this, so far as I am aware, is the sole instance on record of her reverting to those sympathies for which she was once so famous; and, as the patriot in question was an honored and pensioned patriot, with whom kings and princes were accustomed to shake hands, such a temporary lapse from the path of sober respectability was, perhaps, not objected to by Lady Constance's husband. Mr. Sotheran is now old, feeble, and partly paralyzed. He filled the office of President of the Board of Trade in a short-lived administration; since which time he has been heard of no more in political life. His wife is said to nurse him in his declining years with exemplary solicitude.

And here, to finish up with, is a cutting from an East Norfolk paper: "We understand that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between James Le Marchant, of Thirlby Hall, Esq., J.P., and Maud, only daughter of Mr. Charles Maxwell, whose large fortune, realized in Australia, will, it is to be supposed, eventually pass to the bride-elect. Some of our readers may remember that Mr. Maxwell's own boyhood was spent in the interesting old edifice which is to be his daughter's future home."

Ah, yes! "some of our readers"; but not many of them.

In five-and-twenty years *on a le temps d'oublier;* and with such a very handsome, clever, and dashing personage as James Le Marchant, Esq., J.P., to represent the present, the few surviving contemporaries of Mr. Maxwell's boyhood are not likely to trouble their heads about the past. Jimmy assures me that he is the happiest man in England; and really I don't know why he shouldn't be. Both his parents died long ago—so long ago that I doubt whether he ever saw them again after that melancholy morning which witnessed their departure from Thirlby. He has never mentioned them to me; nor have I cared to introduce the subject.

The other day, knowing that he was safe in London with my wife and daughter, I went down on the sly to have an undisturbed look at the "interesting old edifice" which he inhabits, and to visit the church where all that was mortal of my dear old uncle lies. His memory has passed away, as the memory of most of us will soon pass, and there is no one left now to discuss his eccentricities, his strange love of solitude, his supposed vacillations, his misfortunes, and the wise or unwise way in which he dealt with them. A monument above the spot where his body rests displays a conventional eulogium to such as care to read it; but I think the inscription he would have liked best, and which would describe him with the simplest truth, is that which a certain great and modest man once chose for himself, "Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

THE END.

THE NEW YEAR—THE POOR.

The centennial New-Year of the nation is full of promise. The New-Year of 1784 was also one of promise and of expectation, and it is pleasant to remember how much of the anticipation of progress has been fulfilled. Our ancestors foretold the triumph of humanity, of equal rights, unsectarianism, political equality; and the New-Year of 1884 dawns upon a nation in which slavery has perished, and which offers no obstacle to the spread of the highest labors of philanthropy. It lies only with the intelligence of the people to make the next hundred years even more fruitful in benefits to the industrious and deserving than the wonderful century that has just closed—the first century of human freedom.

It is to the welfare of the poor and the unfortunate—of those in want of help—that our ancestors dedicated their republic. Its foundation was philanthropy. It was an *asylum* that they opened, embodying a Roman thought—the refuge of the distressed. Here all were to come who would live a new life, and who could be in heart and principle Americans. Here the true impulse of a commonwealth was to be felt, and all men were to help each other.

But it was to be no home for the idle. It was the leading principle of the first republicans that every man and woman was to be a self-supporter. The foundation of the republic was to be labor. Washington set the example of incessant toil with his pen, on his farm, or even the care of the state. Jefferson, one of the wisest of men, inculcates upon his family, friends, and descendants the duty of a life of labor. Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, and their contemporary statesmen were never at rest until they rested in death. It was no home for drones that they had built. The asylum they had prepared was only for the industrious, and it is from their lessons that we may learn how to treat that important subject which is forcing itself upon us every year with new weight—the care of the suffering and the poor.

With us the problem is as yet not a difficult one. We have nowhere a population so degraded and so hopeless as that described by Professor Huxley in his recent speech in London. He is describing a large section of the great capital called East London. His picture is startling, almost incredible. He once lived as a physician in that quarter. He says: "The great majority of people who used to come to me complaining of this and that were simply undergoing starvation, mitigated by bread and the stuff to which they gave the name of tea." It was a scene of dull, dead misery. He travelled since around the world. "But I assure you," he adds, "that in this experience of mine I found nothing worse, nothing more degrading, nothing so hopeless, nothing nearly so intolerably dull and miserable, as the life I left behind in East London." The wildest savage of the South Seas he thinks happy compared to the starving people of his native land. We have as yet in New York no such "Serbonian bog of human misery," as Professor Huxley calls it. But we may be approaching it. Our crowded tenement-houses, our cellars and garrets, the feeble cries of half-starved women and children, the suffering, want, despair, of large numbers of our people, are known to all our charitable visitors. Private charity and public fail to relieve the poor. It is not only the idle, vicious, improvident, but even the honest and industrious that suffer. The crowded tenement-houses are centres of disease. The husband, father, or mother often fails to obtain work. The scanty earnings of the seamstress or the tailoress are insufficient to maintain herself and those dependent on her. Sickness comes. Vice destroys. Intemperance brutifies. We may often notice in some of the poorer parts of our city the same stagnant hopelessness that marks the vast population of East London.

Charity is not what the poor want so much as employment, a stimulus to exertion, and some means of recreation and amusement. Almsgiving is dangerous often, and creates the evil it would cure. Too many asylums and charitable associations serve only to encourage indolence, or offer to unfaithful parents the means of supporting their children at another's expense. True charity is intelligent and just. It should be as wide as the commonwealth or the nation. It should provide for clean streets, pure air and water, healthy homes, parks, gardens, a higher education, the stimulus of hope. Above all, it should demand from all its able-bodied recipients active labor. The subject of the treatment of the poor has become already with us the most important of all. It has been so to every nation in the past. But we at least have the means of treating it in an intelligent and philosophical way. We have the aid of all the experience of other countries. He who can treat it successfully will be the chief of patriots, and the rising intellect of the new generation may well direct itself to this suggestive theme.

Eugene Lawrence.

APROPOS OF LEAP-YEAR.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

I said to the Countess, Apropos of leap-year, I wonder our countrymen over there don't take advantage of the privilege: there are so many more women than men, the poor things are driven to dire extremities.

An indefinable expression shone in the beautiful eyes of my lucky countrywoman.

I never knew but the one case, she replied. It was, as you say, of dire extremity. I will tell you the story. She was a friend of mine who lived out west in America with her mother and two sisters. Blanche was the eldest, Matilda the next, and then came Betty, my friend. They were rather pressed once in a while for money—the poor father had died before he meant to, and had left a mortgage on the place, which, of course, they had no hope to pay off. They just drifted along, saved all they could, and scrimped and contrived like all the good neighbors in their vicinity; did their own baking and making, washing and ironing; and there were the cows, you see, for milk and butter, though the churning sometimes was so contrary one got sadly out of heart with it. I've heard Betty say she's pumped and pumped till she knew there was a witch somewhere, and when she'd whispered a little invocation to the hidden fairy, the chunks within the churn would suddenly melt together, and it would be done in no time. And just the same way with the bleaching: Betty declared the fairies had something to do with whitening the linen, which they used as a sort of dancing cloth at night. She, poor child, you will perceive, had her head full of all sorts of nonsense: where she learned it, the good Lord knows. She trained many a bean stalk with the shy hope it would make a ladder to the skies, and never saw a monstrous yellow pumpkin but she thought of its capability for a coach and four.

It was midway in one beautiful year in Betty's life when there came to the place a magnificent gentleman, whom we will call Jones. He was a Colonel of some sort, and was straight from the mining region, where he had accumulated a handsome fortune. He was well-favored in form and feature, and it was the most natural thing in the world that all the feminine population should go wild over this matrimonial prize. Betty's sisters were well out of their teens, and it had long since been determined that marriage was the only solution to the pecuniary problem which puzzled the household more and more every year.

Blanche and Matilda were universally recognized as the belles of the place, as, besides their acknowledged beauty, they could lay claims to superior accomplishments. The good mamma had thought it an excellent investment of capital to give her jewels an extra setting, and had hired a poor Frenchman from the neighboring village to give her elder daughters lessons of various kinds. He was compelled to be rather versatile, as his pupils had different tastes, and was sometimes driven to his wits' end to improvise new accomplishments for his exacting patrons. He bewailed his lot bitterly to Betty, who was sent down after him to the village with their one rickety horse and vehicle. Betty consoled him as best she could in her child-like way, and so the days went on, and the poor Frenchman, whom we will call Monsieur Achille Victor, became more than ever in demand, as an entertainment was to be given in honor of Colonel Jones, the rich mining speculator. Betty was sent to and fro to purchase finery for the ball, and on her way she brought and took back Monsieur Victor. Betty was of that comfortable age that she was considered too young to be compelled to the proprieties of a woman, and too old to fall into the flurries and fears of a child. Monsieur Victor was so thin and dark and hairy, so old in his ways and precise in his habits, that the family only looked upon him as a useful commodity, and they knew nothing of those ebullitions of wrath, of sorrow, of sentiment and feeling, which took place in the old carry-all, with only Betty for an auditor. The Professor himself doubtless at times ignored the presence of the child, and when he had used her for his safety-valve to the extent of plunging her into tears of commiseration and strong expressions of sympathy in his behalf, he would suddenly recollect himself, and put out his fire and that of the tender Betty by the one little sentence, "Soyez tranquille, mon enfant!"

These fits of fury became so frequent about the time of the ball, and his remarks upon the gallant Colonel were so personal and severe, that Betty, with the naïveté of a child, said to him one day:

"Is it that thou art jealous of Colonel Jones? Hast thou, then, fallen foolishly in love with one of my sisters, Monsieur Victor?"

The Professor looked down upon the propounder of these impertinent questions, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which Betty joined, so glad was she to see in his face the denial to her inquiries.

"I care not that for them," he said, snapping his fingers contemptuously; "nor for any one in the whole world save thyself, little one!"

Betty drove on then, fully at ease in her little mind, for she had a simple, trustful nature.

And so the harvest-moon grew bigger and rounder, and the night of the ball it glowed with wonderful brilliancy, so that Betty could almost read her story-book outside in the garden, and holding it close to her nose—for, big as her eyes were, their sight was nothing to boast of, she was amazed to find somebody close to the skirts of her dress without her ever having seen him approach. There stood a tall gentleman, with a gold chain over his long white waistcoat, pantaloons of a most lovely fawn, a linen duster, a broad-brimmed hat of finest Panama straw, and when he took off his driving gloves, there was a gem on his little finger that blazed with all the colors in the fire-works on the Fourth of July. Betty knew at once it was the Colonel Jones, and hastened to get him a bit of rope to mend some of his broken gearing.

"So your visitors have gone to the ball," he said, looking more at Betty than the rope he was twisting, "and have left you at home to tidy up. I've heard a story like that somewhere, only the little girl was left sifting the cinders. What the deuce was the story called, now?"

"'Cinderella,'" said Betty, with a lively interest; "and the fairy godmother comes and turns the rats into horses, the pumpkin into a coach."

"Oh yes. I've got it," broke in the Colonel; "and off goes Cindy to the ball, cuts out her sisters, and carries off the prize herself. I always liked that story. I've a deuced good mind to act the part of the Prince myself."

"Do, do," cried Betty, "and choose one of my sisters at the ball; they'll be awfully disappointed if you don't; they've set their hearts on it, and you couldn't find prettier or nicer ladies anywhere in the world."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," he said; "but that wouldn't be like the story. We mustn't spoil the story, you know. I was going to propose to you to take the part of Cinderella—it would fit you to a nicety."

"You are making fun of me," said Betty, turning away, and opening the garden gate.

"I never was more in earnest in my life," said Colonel Jones; "wait till to-morrow, and you'll see."

He lifted his hat, and Betty went within-doors, hoping that what she had said might perhaps make an impression upon the Colonel's mind. Her sisters were all that she had told of them—handsome, wise, and good—what more could he want? And what more could he find at the ball? Betty was certain, as she began to nod off to sleep, that the long suspense and worry were over, and one of her sisters would secure the matrimonial prize.

Now it happened that the next day Betty's luncheon was her sisters' breakfast, for they had slept late after the ball; and while they were lingering over the meal to discuss the events of the night before, who should dash by the side window but the hero of the entertainment? When he alighted at the door, and the mamma hastened out to meet him, both the sisters blushed and hurried away from the table, bidding Betty help them to their toilets. Nothing could ever make them believe it; but Betty was as much astonished as they when word came that the Colonel desired to see Miss Betty with the rest; and as the Colonel was a man who had been long used to having his way, and had a position in the world that enabled him to speak out his mind when others might be compelled to beat about the bush, he lost no time in telling his astonished listeners the nature of his errand. He said that he believed the breaking of his gearing the night before was a part of his destiny, that his heart had been completely conquered by Miss Betty, and he begged leave to deliver that citadel over into her keeping, with all the emoluments appertaining thereto. Then, taking it for granted that the matter was settled, and graciously letting them take breath upon this sudden and magnificent proposal, he rode away, saying he would shortly return again.

The first thing Betty's sisters did was to make up all their little differences, and join hands over this new project. They had been ready at times to tear out each other's eyes, which was quite natural when we consider the unfortunate struggle in which they were engaged. They had been generous enough to hope, if one failed, the other would succeed, but the contest for supremacy was terrible. Now they put their heads together, and thought with one mind and one will, with mamma to aid them in the background. Betty was quite ignored in this council, and dispatched upon her usual errand for Monsieur Victor. Their lessons must not be neglected, as this new piece of good-fortune only reflected upon the general prosperity of the household, and it was more than ever necessary that they should fit themselves for the fine future they were now really likely to attain.

Betty went out with a beating heart, and geared up the old horse to the carry-all, taking care not to mar the freshness of the new muslin she had put on in honor of the Colonel. As she rode along, the song of the meadow-lark was sweet to her ear, the new-cut grass fragrant to her nostrils, and the wonders of God's universe beautiful to her near-sighted eyes. She would not have been the natural and faulty bit of humanity she was if she had not been vain of her fine offer of marriage. She longed to tell the Professor of the distinction which had been given her, and could hardly wait for him to get comfortably fixed in the carry-all, when she began. Once in a while, as she stole a side-long glance at him from under her long lashes, she saw the hot color gather between his high cheek-bones and his dark dry skin, and a flame began to burn in his fierce black eyes. She expected all this, and was only waiting for him to burst forth in one of his usual paroxysms of wrath and invective, and somewhat disappointed she got to the end of her story. The color had gone out of his face, leaving it lividly pale, and a strange yearning had so softened the fierceness of his eyes that it brought the tears to Betty's own. He put one long thin hand upon his forehead, and gazed steadily out upon the red clay of the road. "Dost love this monster, Betty?" he said at last.

"How can I tell, monsieur?" faltered Betty. "What is it to love?"

"My child," he said, "to love, it is to be willing to give up all the world, and remain only to the one, and find there thy happiness. Hast this in thy heart for the Colonel Jones?"

"Not for the *Colonel Jones*," she replied, her voice sinking very low.

"Malediction!" cried the Professor. "Hast this in thy heart for another? But I have been deceived in thee, Betty. I held thee as a child, and thou tellest me of another, and still another."

Then Betty's full heart overflowed. "There is no other and still another," she cried. "There is, and has always been, but the one, and you know very well it is you that have taught me to love, and that I love best in all the world."

Now, to look upon the Professor, one would have thought he had meddled dangerously with an electric battery. He trembled as if he had seen a ghost, and poor little Betty began to cry, she felt so frightened and miserable. Then he gathered her in his arms, and kissed her, for the first time in his life, upon her young forehead, and, beginning with the old soothing words, "Soyez tranquille, mon enfant," he went on to tell her that she was altogether mistaken in her preference for him; that it had been his misfortune as well as his happiness to have but the one little friend in all that strange country, and that, being twice her age at the least, and very lonely and miserable, he had sadly trespassed upon her sympathy and charity; that God forbid he should take advantage of such sweet generosity: he was no longer young, and had never been attractive to women; he was poor and an exile, and bade fair to remain so; that her ingenuous words had touched him to the depth of his soul, but— And here Betty broke in.

"But you don't want my poor little heart," she said, looking up and laughing through her tears, for there was that in the Professor's face that gave ineffable joy to the fond, foolish heart of little Betty. "Very well, then; neither will I accept the fine big heart of the Colonel. I will have revenge upon somebody—see if I don't!"

But the Professor would not respond to her gayety, and gently putting Betty out of his arms, he took the reins and drove on, the hollows in his face growing deeper and darker as they neared the house.

They found the two elder sisters in high debate over the material that should compose Betty's projected wedding garment. The elder sister declared that nothing would do but a corded silk with pipings of satin and flounces of real lace upon the train, if they had to sell the cows for the desideratum. Matilda contended that Betty's extreme youth would admit of a robe of tulle, with natural flowers; and here the mamma gave her opinion that a neat travelling suit would be most befitting, as Betty was going immediately upon her bridal tour, and all this time the poor Professor had stood awaiting their convenience. At last he turned upon his heel, and, followed by Betty, walked out the door.

"I will walk back to the village, Betty," he said, pausing midway in the hall. "May God bless and keep thee!"

Heaven knows if it was a last caress he meant for the child, but he turned and took her once more in his arms, and pressed his pale lips upon her tumbled hair. While the two mortals were absorbed in this brief ecstasy, an ejaculation, a shriek, almost a yell, came from the threshold of the door behind them. There stood the eldest sister with amazement and horror painted upon her fine features. Betty trembled and grew faint, but the Professor stood firm, and still kept the little hand of Betty within his own.

The eldest sister, loath to give rein to the doubts and fears which the tableau before her suggested, tried to sneer away her forebodings. "You will be pleased to remember, monsieur," she said, "that my sister is no longer a child to be mauled and caressed by every beggar in the neighborhood. Since your judgment and discretion are so sadly at fault, your services as a teacher will gladly be dispensed with."

The Professor bowed, and without a word would have taken his departure, but that Betty would not let go his hand.

"I will not let him go," she said, boldly, to them all, for the other sister and the mother had run to see what was the matter. "I love him best of all the world. I will not marry your Colonel Jones."

Then the three women began pouring upon the bowed head of the unfortunate Professor all that abuse and scurrility to which even ladies of gentility will sometimes resort in seasons of exasperation, fear, and frenzy. They called him a miserable cheat and hypocrite, who had dared use his years and knowledge of the world to mislead an infant; they accused him of fostering romantic, wicked, and silly notions in the immature brain of a child.

"A miserable pauper," said the eldest sister, "who has not means to keep the body of a woman in comfort and security, is a scoundrel to endeavor to win her heart."

The poor Frenchman here raised his head and said, sadly, in his own language, "You have reason, mademoiselle."

Then Betty could stand it no longer. She turned to the Professor and said: "Why don't you defend yourself? Since they do not scruple to insult you, why do you not, in your turn, tell them they are liars and fools? that you did not tell me of your love for me? It was I that told you of my love for you. It was I that made the proposal—which he has rejected, ladies," added Betty, now gaining a pitch of the family fury. "He has told me—in a much nicer way, however—all the truths you have expounded; that he is too poor to respond to my sentiment, and he was about taking final leave of me when you so impolitely broke in upon us. Yes, he is going," cried Betty, now breaking into tears and sobs, her voice rising to a high treble; "but if I can not have him, I will have nobody. You may take your Colonel, over whom you have been fighting so long, and chop him in pieces, and divide him between you; but I will have none of him."

"Hold there, my pretty little termagant," cried another voice, that boomed terror and dismay to hearts that were already quaking, and a martial form loomed up in the main doorway. "Do what battle you will for your frog-eating friend, but don't give me over to the enemy! I take exception to being offered up on the family altar, and to save further trouble I will retire from the field, and will forthwith leave the town; but I have brought a bauble here, which is now of no use to me, and I'll leave it with Miss Betty as an offset to all the trouble I've unwittingly brought upon her, for which, on my conscience, I'm heartily sorry." Here he lifted Betty's limp hand and put the ring on her finger. "May it bring you luck and prosperity!" he said, and, with a sweeping bow, disappeared. The Professor was soon gotten rid of, and Betty was dragged to her room, where the door was locked upon her, and she was left alone with her bursting heart. For a half-hour or so she remained stunned, bewildered, and conquered. Had her relatives come to her door during that period they might have made almost any terms with her; but at the end of that time she began to gain strength, and recuperate. She dried her eyes, and lifted her aching head. It must be remembered that Betty was but sixteen the June before, and had been left to grow as wild and free as the grape-vine that clambered by her chamber window; the vine, unpruned and unbound, covered half that side of the house, and the parent stem was nearly the thickness of Betty's arm. Her heart was bursting, as I have said; she felt that she should choke in that hot, stuffy room; she would get away where she could at least breathe and think, and up went the casement: it was but two low stories from the ground. Betty grasped the friendly vine, and let herself down in the twinkling of an eye. She ran around the corner of the house, and there, standing patiently by the gate, was the old horse and the old carry-all, waiting, of course, for the usual trip back, of the Professor.

Betty jumped in, and coaxed the old creature